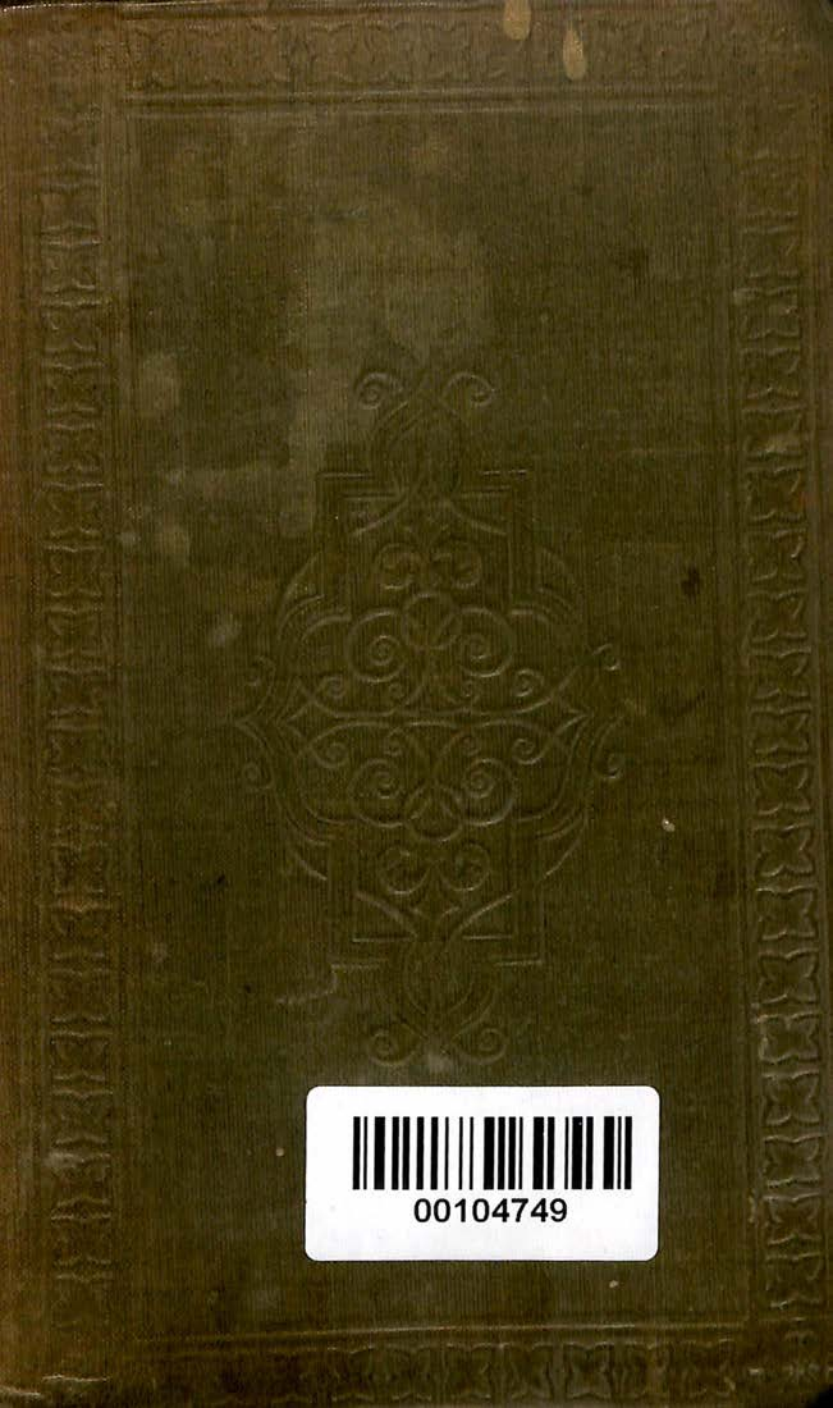
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SARACENIC MOSQUE AT EPHESUS.

THE

SHORES AND ISLANDS

OF THE

MEDITERRANEAN,

INCLUDING A VISIT TO

THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA.

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BY THE

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AUTHOR OF

"THE CRADLE OF THE TWIN GIANTS, SCIENCE AND HISTORY,"

ETC.

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CHAPTER I.

PASSAGE FROM SYRA TO CONSTANTINOPLE—ALBANIAN PASSENGERS—PREPARATIONS ON BOARD TO RECEIVE THEM — DARDANELLES — CHANAK KALESSI — SESTOS AND ABYDOS—SEA OF MARMORA—ISLE OF CYZICUS—ITS ANCIENT AND MODERN STATE—PRINKIPO ISLANDS — GOLDEN HORN — FIRST APPEARANCE OF CONSTANTINOPLE — CUSTOM-HOUSE AND PASSPORT-OFFICE—LANDING-PLACE—HOTEL DE L'EUROPE—PERA—GALATA—GENOESE TOWER—GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAPITAL — REMAINS OF ANTIQUITY—PAUCITY OF THEM ACCOUNTED FOR — BURNT COLUMN — TWISTED COLUMN — COLUMN OF ARCADIUS—OBELISK OF THEODOSIUS — WALLS, FRAGMENTS—YEREBATAN SERAI—CISTERNS.

THE passage from Syra to Athens has been briefly described in the last volume. Syra is a rendezvous for the Austrian Lloyd's steamers, and those who go from Athens to the Turkish capital have to change at Syra into another vessel. The first thing worthy of note is the number of Turkish

and Albanian passengers, and the preparation made for them on board. The after-deck is divided by a kind of hurdles into two longitudinal portions; one of these is for the accommodation exclusively of the Moslem, the other is for the passengers in general. The former part is covered by a false deck, and again divided into two,—a *salemlik* for the men, and a *hareem* for the women. These last are wrapped up in innumerable coverings, and recline on countless cushions composed of heaps of clothes, many of which would be slow in finding a sale in Monmouth-street, and of bedding, which, for the sanitary condition of the ship in general, would be all the better for a little fumigation. The great cause of this evil is the Albanian costume, which is composed of sheep-skins, beautifully dressed, with the wool long and the skin inside; I regret to say, that the cleanly aspect of the

"Shaggy camise and the snowy capote,"

is like many other aspects, a very deceptive one. Contented with seeming clean, these worthy people make no attempt to render the reality at

one with the appearance. Indeed, were they to do so, they would be deprived of much of their amusement. The inhabitants of their "karosses" are caught, and compelled to run races, on which small wagers are often dependent. Each gentleman, and I suppose each lady too, is furnished with a wooden instrument, which serves at once to allay the cutaneous irritation, and to kill or take alive, as the case may be, the insect causes; and there are towns in Albania, the chief trade of which is in these wooden spatulæ. It is a matter of much congratulation when the passengers of this class are few enough in number to occupy only the *salemlik*, for I have seen them scattered all over the ship, with the exception of the reserved half of the quarter-deck.

The women are strictly veiled, but many have Nubian slaves waiting on them, and these are liberal in the display of their sable beauties, and arrange the Yashmak in a coquettish way, which many a fairer belle would envy, taking care that it shall be an ornament and not a concealment. It was amusing to see the other passengers go to

the hurdles, and look over just with the same air as they would have looked through the bars at a collection of curious wild beasts. Any nearer approach would have been unacceptable and unpleasant. It is important to note that these Albanians hold very loosely to their Mohammedan profession. Greeks by birth, they are easily induced to take up the faith of their forefathers. Many of them are openly Christians, and others have Christian wives. They have frequently Christian as well as Moslem names, oddly enough joined: sometimes the Greek and sometimes the Turkish name takes the preeminence, and they are called by each according to the country and creed of those who converse with them. A recent writer states that he has frequently seen in the cottages of Albania the Moslem husband and the Christian wife together at their repast, consisting of goats' flesh and pork stewed together, the wife taking each as it came to hand, and the husband, regardless of the company in which he found it, fishing up from the bowl the permitted goats' flesh. Were this part of the empire placed under Christian rule, Mohammedanism would disappear as quickly as it did in Athens itself.

The real Turks on board were grave and dignified personages, with an air of quiet and gentleman-like ease, very much in accordance with English ideas of high breeding. When the time came for prayer, they spread their carpets on the deck; and prostrated themselves in the direction of Mecca, a practice which I was pleased to see excited no notice whatever on the part of the other passengers. A Turk has none of that false shame which keeps the religion of many Christians so sadly in the background; he scoffs at no man's devotions, nor does he suppose it possible that any body will scoff at his. There is a less favourable view to take of the matter, which is not altogether without truth. The Turk looks on himself as so immeasurably above the Christian, that it would no more occur to him to alter his habits because they were not understood or sympathised with by others, than it would to us to change ours, because the birds of the air or the beasts of the field might wonder at them. At the same time, the thing itself is praiseworthy, and it would be well if something like it were more common among ourselves. Some of those who were our fellow-

passengers were officers of rank, and wore the decoration of the Nizam suspended round their necks. This is very costly, being composed almost entirely of brilliants.

The entrance to the Dardanelles, though far from destitute of beauty, disappointed me: the scenery improves as we advance, but it is very far from being equal to that of the Bosphorus. The little town called Dardanelles by Europeans, is entitled Chanak Kalessi, or Crockery Castle, by the Turks. This place enjoys its Ottoman name in consequence, as might be supposed, of the potteries situated in and about it, the trade of which is considerable. The shapes of the vessels made here seem to have undergone no change for ages. Some of the vases are examples of grace and elegance, though rough in execution and coarse in material. They are rudely adorned with gold leaf, and are made of a porous earth which keeps water delightfully cool. Vessels are made here in the forms of goats, camels, stags, and other beasts, with a handle on the back, and the head capable of being removed; it is, in fact, a stopper, and sometimes the animal sticks out his

tail as straight as the Northumberland lion does, in order that it may do duty as a spout. I have heard these things ridiculed as instances of Turkish bad taste, but they are as ancient in type as the more elegant ones which are thought to do so much credit to Greece. Such bottles have long been in use in Asiatic churches for sacred purposes, and similar ones of bronze have been found in Scotland under circumstances which indicated a very remote antiquity. Turkish taste has nothing to do with the matter.

I saw at this place a person whom some consider a *lusus naturæ*, and who is well known as a boatman and fruit-seller: he is a negro, and very black, enormously corpulent, but active and graceful in his movements; his hands and feet are small and delicately formed like those of a woman, and he wore an open dress to show that he had, or rather seemed to have, the bosom of a woman also. A French gentleman on board told me that this singular being was what Italians call a "*musico*." Whether his musical faculties had been cultivated, we had of course no means of ascertaining.

Not far from here are the sites of Sestos and Abydos, famous for the nightly swimming exploits of Leander, imitated by Lord Byron in later days. Lord Byron, however, only swam one way, and as the current is strong, and the two places not exactly opposite, the difficulty lies in the double effort of *going* and *returning*. Night was closing as we entered the sea of Marmora, over the tranquil waters of which we moved slowly, putting about from time to time, in order not to reach Constantinople before the next morning. The moon shone gloriously on the smooth waters, and the exquisite picture of a similar scene by Moore was reproduced :—

> " The sea is like a silver lake,
> And o'er its calm the vessel glides,
> Gently as though she fear'd to wake
> The slumber of the silent tides."

Some part of the night we lay under the isle of Cyzicus, now only inhabited by a few villagers, but once populous beyond example. The side nearest to Asia Minor was anciently connected with the continent by one or two bridges; the water is so shallow that it can be forded at low tide, and

perhaps is less deep now than formerly. I have been told that there is a great want of fresh water at present on the island; anciently it was conducted from the mainland by an aqueduct, some of the arches of which are still traceable. It must have been a place of high civilization. The staters of Cyzicus, even in the best times of Greek art, were master pieces of coinage, and were proverbial as well for their beauty as for their purity. I have never heard of any excavations being made here, and I cannot help thinking that if such an undertaking were judiciously managed, the results would be highly sstisfactory. A gentleman at Constantinople told me that the whole island was a mass of antiquities,—that it was impossible to dig without finding some relic of the past; and most certainly if I had been able to afford time, I would have visited the place and endeavoured to ascertain the accuracy of this report. In all cases like this it is necessary to obtain, not only a firman, but an escort from the Porte, and in a spot so near to head quarters, if the permission were gained, researches might be made with perfect security. This is not always the case in the more remote districts

of the Turkish empire, where all excavators are looked on with suspicion as " money diggers."

Soon we pass the Prinkipo islands, now the holiday resort of the Greeks from Constantinople. Here may be seen the same class who throng from London to Rosherville. Fireworks and illuminations glorify the evenings during the season, and the steamers that ply hither from the Golden Horn are as inconveniently crowded as the *Diamond* or the *Vesper* on a fête night.

But the dawn is breaking grey and cold. Before us lies the Bosphorus, and the long white walls of Constantinople are gradually becoming distinct. Above them rises a mass of building somewhat ragged to look upon, and less interspersed with trees than I had expected. I felt deeply disappointed. Few of our Christian fellow-passengers had seen the capital of Turkey before, and they were crowding every available spot to obtain the first and best sight of it. I turned away with a feeling of sorrow. Like the fairy banquets which to mortal eye seem sumptuous and splendid, but to the disenchanted are vile and refuse, I felt that the scene before me should be looked at in

the pages of romance alone. I had one illusion the less. As the morning advanced, and the sun arose tinging with warmer hues the landscape, my disappointment became (pardon the catachresis)

"Fine by degrees and beautifully less."

We had rounded the Seraglio Point, and were within the Golden Horn, and before we landed I was willing to admit that Europe has few sites equal to that chosen by Constantine. Art has done comparatively little for it. One of the greatest charms of the city consists in the abundance and beauty of its trees, which here, within the Golden Horn, are remarkable for their luxuriance; but the houses are poor and mean, and few of the palaces are noble enough to attract attention, did they not form a part of so fine a whole. The seraglio is a vast building with little pretensions to any kind of beauty, and the mosques alone are sufficiently grand to rivet the gazer's eye. The tall slender minaret shooting up into the sky, its white shaft and gilded crescent sparkling in the sunshine, imparts that peculiar oriental physiognomy to the city, which once seen can never be forgotten.

I have sometimes thought that the minaret might with advantage be introduced into European architecture, but I should be puzzled to assign any *use* for it. It is too slender for a peal of bells, and the purpose for which it is erected is strictly Moslem. Bells are not admitted in a mosque, and the faithful are called to prayers by the voice of the *muezzin,* who from the gallery of the minaret chants the great article of the faith. Hence, then, each mosque has its minaret; some have two, others four, and one, the mosque of Achmet, six. Perhaps where only one bell is required, the minaret might be admissible, but I suppose it would require some congruity in the adjacent buildings. I make these remarks with deference to those better versed in architectural science; the effect struck me as being remarkably pleasing.

When the time came for landing, I expected to have seen some Ottoman functionaries to examine our luggage and our passports, but nothing of the kind took place. A number of agents for the different hotels surrounded us on board, and having made our election, M. le Commissaire took

possession of us and our belongings. A stout *hamal* or porter was chosen, on whose back our portmanteaus were placed, and away we went. One or two heroic-looking personages with formidable pistols and yataghans seized the packages, but the Commissaire slipped a few piastres into their hands, pushed the porter onwards, and of custom-house demands we heard no more. We were afterwards informed that the customs were farmed to an Armenian merchant, and that few persons paid anything or were required to do so. There was not in our case any attempt to compel examination, and I am inclined to think that save in the transit of *merchandise,* the custom-house officers interfere very little with travellers.

The Turks do not consider themselves under any moral obligation to pay duties; as they observe, that the benefit is neither for the Sultan nor for the State, but only for an unbelieving merchant. When we arrived at our hotel, that De l'Europe, kept by Destuniani, we were asked for our passports by the proprietor, who sent them to the *Bureau des Passeports,* from whence, in a few days, we got them back, with a seal and some neat

Turkish writing, in consideration of twenty piastres. The Turks are not to blame for all this. Custom-house, quarantine, and passports are all European abominations, and the good, easy Osmanli, would never have troubled his head about such things, had it not been for Christian teaching.

The Hotel de l'Europe is built entirely of stone, —no small advantage in a place where fires are so awfully destructive as they are here—and we were furnished with small comfortable rooms, very much such as we should have found in an English cottage. The way from the landing-place is up a steep hill with gloomy-looking houses on each side, and *such paving* as no other capital city in the world can match! The shops are arched vaults, and at Galata there is a considerable display of goods on the outside, often artistically arranged with regard to colour. This, with the varied costumes of Turk, Greek, Frank, Jew, Armenian, and Persian, the clear blue sky above, and the absence of carriages, save now and then a primitive-looking cart, or a gay araba, makes the streets of Galata picturesque enough. Pera is less so, but better built, and the houses of the ambassa-

dors, who reside here, are generally of stone, and so situated as to enjoy a fine prospect of the Golden Horn, and of Stamboul beyond. The tower built by the Genoese is still standing, and is kept in sufficient repair, as it serves as a *speculatorium* or watch-tower, from whence fires may be discerned, and signals made, so as to give notice and direct the police. It is of considerable height, and occupies a commanding situation. From the summit the view is most magnificent; Stamboul, Pera, Galata, Tophane, Scutari, which make up the compound city of Constantinople, are all spread out before the eye, and the vast amount of shipping crowding the harbour shows how great is the commerce of this ancient capital; but here, especially, the littleness of the details is perceptible—the small elements which make up so grand a whole. The eye wanders around delighted; nature is lovely beyond description: but when we recollect that this was the capital of the mediæval world, and seek some triumph of art in the erection of a fitting city for such a site, there are only the huge massive mosques, grandly barbaric, to supply the requirement.

The antiquarian student, as he approaches Constantinople, and calls to mind how important was the ancient Byzantium—how numerous were the treasures with which the first Christian emperor enriched his chosen city—how gorgeous was her court, how splendid her palaces, and how superb her churches,—is naturally led to look forward, with highly-raised expectations of the antiquities which the metropolis of the eastern empire will present to his notice, and bitterly will he be disappointed when he finds how little she has to show. The church, now the mosque of Santa Sophia, one or two other churches similarly metamorphosed, the twisted column, the obelisk in the Hippodrome, the pillar of Theodosius, the burnt column, the cisterns, and the ancient walls; these, with the aqueduct of Valens, are nearly all that will bring back to his mind the palmy days of this glorious city. And for this there are very good causes assignable. For, first, the Turks are no cultivators of antiquarian science. We have seen how they treated the most beautiful relics of Greek art; temples were pulled down to make fortifications, marble columns burnt to make lime, and churches barbarized to

turn them into mosques. When they took possession of Constantinople, they did so by conquest; it was the victory of the crescent over the cross, and all that had been most valued by the besieged was hateful in the eyes of the besiegers. They could not distinguish between Christian and ancient Roman art; they were blind to the merits of both; and while they vented the barbaric fury of fanatic conquerors on the one, they found in each violations of the Moslem law, which forbade the making of images.

Centuries rolled away, but yet the heavy hand of Islam was on the capital of the East; scarcely a fragment could hope to escape. To deface these memorials of an older religion than their own was felt by all true believers to be a solemn duty, and the few that were spared from utter destruction purchased their existence at the expense of mutilation. But even if this fanatic spirit had not been at work, there would have been a sufficient cause, found in the frequent conflagrations which devastate the city, why so few works of an early age should remain. There is scarcely a house now standing which Mahomet II. found when he

entered his new capital in triumph — scarcely a building even a century old, save the mosques, the walls, and portions of the Seraglio; and in these fires who can say what precious specimens of Byzantine art have perished? Who that notes the narrow and crooked streets of mean houses which now make up the bulk of the city, can doubt that it has been gradually, but rapidly, deteriorating in splendour? The "*burnt column*" stands as a witness to the truth of all we have said. It is a pillar of red porphyry—(thus much is known after centuries of conjecture)—it is bound together by innumerable rings and clamps of iron and copper, and has been surmounted by a statue: that it is an ornament, no one can say; in its present state it looks very much like the ruinous chimney of some forsaken foundry, black with the smoke and soot of a century. It has been in the midst of countless conflagrations, and, thanks to its material, it has been preserved, and owes to its dilapidated appearance and the vicissitudes of its history, the title of "the burnt column."

I shall not weary the reader with descriptions of what may be found in so many books of travels,

especially Miss Pardoe's "*City of the Sultan*," nor shall I follow Von Hammer in his learned enumeration and description of Constantinopolitan antiquities. We went to the "Cistern of a Thousand-and-one Columns," where we found, as our predecessors had done, men and children engaged in spinning silk, and looking none the healthier for their subterranean employment. The holes in the earth, which serve as an entrance to this singular structure (for the real ancient entrance is lost), are situated in a desert part of the city, probably where a fire has laid waste whole streets, and they have not been rebuilt. On some of the columns (of which there are more than three hundred), we observed characters which looked like masonic symbols. We skirted the walls in a caïque, as far as the Seven Towers, and examined some portion of them on the land side; but they present nothing remarkable save the decay in which they are suffered to remain. It is probable that before long they will be repaired; for the Turkish government is awakening to the exigencies of its position, and reform proceeds rapidly in turning its river through the Augean stable of Ottoman misma-

nagement. The twisted column should be under cover, even in so fine a climate as that of Stamboul; and Moslem old gentlemen of the tory school should be a little restrained from knocking out the few eyes, and breaking off the few noses, that remain on the sculptured obelisks in the Atmeidan. We were unable to obtain admission to the Yere-Batan Serai, or Cistern of Constantine, to which in after days the superb aqueduct of Valens brought the waters of the Cydaris. Here the columns are of marble, and of the Corinthian order.

These cisterns are described by Procopius, who observes, that though Constantinople was well supplied generally with water, yet sometimes the springs became dry in the summer; and in order to remedy the inconvenience which such a scarcity would occasion, the emperor caused the cisterns above named, and others, of which the remains of only one more is known, to be constructed. This would hardly seem to be the case now; there is no want of water during the hottest season, and the fountains erected by the Sultans take the place of the more ancient cisterns.

CHAPTER II.

THE SULTAN — HIS APPEARANCE AND CHARACTER—PROSPECTS OF REFORM—COURBAN BAIRAM—ILLUMINATIONS AT NIGHT—PROCESSION OF THE SULTAN TO THE MOSQUE OF SANTA SOPHIA—HOMAGE OF THE GREAT VASSALS OF THE EMPIRE—IMPERIAL LIBRARY—COURT OF THE SERAGLIO—TURKISH TROOPS AND MUSIC—BARRACKS—CHURCH BUILT OUTSIDE THE WALLS—ANECDOTE OF LOUIS PHILIPPE—ABDUL MEDJIZ AND ABBAS PACHA — THE SULTAN'S PHYSICIANS—CHARACTER OF THE SULTAN'S BROTHER ABDUL HASSIS—FORMER AND RECENT POLICY OF THE IMPERIAL FAMILY.

It had been with me a long-cherished wish to see the Sultan, and if it were possible, to obtain an audience of his Majesty; and this in order to obtain the consent of the Porte to some investigations which I wished to make, and which would require the permission and co-operation of the Ottoman government. It happened unfortunately for me, that our minister, Sir Stratford Canning, to whom I had letters of introduction, was away from Constantinople at the time of my visit, and I had therefore no opportunity of being presented.

I saw the Sultan repeatedly, and once to great advantage. He is in his twenty-ninth year, and is of the middle stature, with jet black hair, beard, and moustache, the latter closely trimmed. His complexion is very pale, and he wears an aspect of the deepest melancholy. There is much kindness of expression in his large, dark, and yet sorrowful eye, and his voice is singularly pleasing and musical. If the moralist wished to show how little the possession of despotic power could do to secure happiness, he need look no further than the countenance of this kind-hearted and most interesting prince. He has been much misrepresented by those who wish to depict the Turks as mere barbarians; and an impression has been created, that he is deficient alike in intellect and energy. Had he been either one or the other, he would not—could not, have done half the deeds which are related of him. Every anecdote heard in his capital is calculated to exhibit him as a man of much originality and decision; mild and amiable, but quite capable of insisting on his own way, and of judging very rightly what way he ought to take. That he is

enlightened, in the European sense — that is, acquainted practically with science and literature, cannot be said; but he is right-minded and just, and knows well that what is morally wrong, cannot be politically right.

His education has been limited; for when his father, desirous to secure for him those advantages of which he so keenly felt the want himself, had arranged with a French gentleman of ability and great scientific attainment to become tutor to the young heir, the Grand Mufti, who was necessarily consulted, contrived to quash the plan. Mahmoud had stipulated that the tutor should live entirely with his royal pupil, and be the companion of his relaxations as well as of his studies; and had this been carried out, Abdul Mejid would, in all probability, have enjoyed a state of health very different from that in which he has now the misfortune to be, and have done credit to his instructor by his progress in learning. When the Grand Mufti was called upon for his opinion, he issued a fetva, in which he was pleased to observe, that a prince of the Prophet's blood, and who was destined one day to ascend the throne of the

Caliphs, could not lawfully be educated by a *giaour*. Mahmoud, though extremely irritated at this absurd proceeding, felt, nevertheless, that to oppose it would be dangerous, and reluctantly consented to abandon his beloved son to the darkness of the harem. However, the Sultana Valide, who was the trusted and favoured wife of Mahmoud, seems to have been successful in instilling good principles into the mind of her son, where they took root, as in a congenial soul; and we can only lament, with Mahmoud, that his intellect was not equally cultivated. As soon as he ascended the throne, he displayed the natural bent of his character; he surrounded himself with Europeans of learning and science; and though he had no particular love for reading, he yet contrived to pick up a great deal of miscellaneous and valuable information. He is said to labour under a difficulty of attaining foreign languages; and this may be the chief cause of the unfavourable estimate sometimes made of his abilities,—a test, it must be admitted, extremely fallacious.

One or two anecdotes will put his character in

its true light. During the year of famine in Ireland, the Sultan heard of the distress existing in that unhappy country; he immediately conveyed to the British ambassador his desire to aid in its relief, and tendered for that purpose a large sum of money. It was intimated to him that it was thought right to limit the sum subscribed by the Queen, and a larger amount could not therefore be received from his Highness. He at once acquiesced in the propriety of this resolution, and with many expressions of benevolent sympathy sent the greatest admissible subscription.

It is well known that his own personal feeling dictated the noble reply of the Divan to the threatening demands of Austria and Russia for the extradition of the Polish and Hungarian refugees. "I am not ignorant," was his reply, "of the power of those empires, nor of the ulterior measures to which their intimations point; but I am compelled by my religion to observe the laws of hospitality, and I believe that the sense and good feeling of Europe will not allow my government to be drawn into a ruinous war, because I resolve strictly and solemnly to adhere to

them." This is the true spirit of Christianity, and there is more of it in the Mohammedan Sultan of Turkey, than in any or all of the *Christian* princes of Eastern Europe.

Of the prospects of the Porte under such a man it is very difficult to form an idea. Personally he seems to be universally beloved, but there are grave doubts in the minds of the wisest men, both within and without the empire, as to the question whether the assimilation of a Mohammedan state to Christian Europe, be consistent with the maintenance of its faith. The Turks themselves are strangers and pilgrims in Europe; their four centuries of dominion have not made them otherwise: they all feel their home to be in Asia, and the provinces of Western Turkey are mainly peopled by Greeks. The present increasing prosperity of the country is consequent upon changes foreign to the habits and feelings of the dominant race, and there are not wanting those who look forward to the speedy extinction of the Turkish empire as an European power.

We were in Constantinople during the festival of the Courban Bairam, and witnessed the re-

joicings on the occasion. A white lamb, fed for the purpose, and chosen for its singular beauty, is slain as a solemn sacrifice by the Sultan; salutes of cannon are fired almost all day and half the night while the festival lasts, and no people on earth are so lavish of their powder as the Turks, while at night the whole city is illuminated. It must be distinctly understood, that a great illumination in London is one thing, in Constantinople another. There are no principal streets, crowded by pedestrians, and glorified by unbroken lines of coaches, landaus, britzkas, waggons, omnibuses, donkey-carts, cabs, vans, and "Hansoms;" no tradesmen to the Imperial family, to exhibit stars and Royal ciphers; no club-houses to vie with each other in the splendour of their devices, or the beauty of their transparencies.

If the stranger wanders through the streets, he finds some few crowded, but all dark; there is a kind of bright haze above, and now and then a few bright lines of light may be observed. But he who wishes to enjoy the spectacle of a Turkish illumination, must take a caïque, and go on the Golden Horn. There, wherever he turns his eyes,

he beholds a fairy scene:—the plan of the city is traced out by glittering stars, all reflected in the crystal depths below. Up, like spiral columns of fire, shoot the tall and slender minarets. Here and there the dome of a mosque displays its sparkling outline, while across the glad waters flashes out momentarily in every direction, the "red artillery," followed by its deep booming roar. All Constantinople is upon the waves. Of the eighty thousand caïques there is not one left unhired, and woe to the pocket of the luckless Frank who has not made his bargain beforehand.

On the last day of the feast the Sultan goes in state to some mosque, selected by himself the night before, but it is generally known through the city before morning, as, indeed, it need be, for the visit is paid by daybreak, and all the great vassals of the empire have to accompany their lord. Fortunately for us Franks at Pera, his highness chose that of Santa Sophia. Sometimes a mosque on the Asiatic side is chosen, and then accommodations are difficult to obtain, and there is no small hurry and confusion. As it was, we were aroused at half-past three, and out by

four in the pitch dark streets in the midst of a confused multitude, like that of Nebuchadnezzar's subjects, consisting of all people, and nations, and languages, and tongues, some on horses, some on camels, some in carriages, some on asses, and some on mules, with tens of thousands on foot. Every class and condition in life were present, and without any other light than here and there a dull horn lantern, in streets where at every other step you find a great hole in the pavement, and where there is seldom width enough for two carriages to pass easily, up hill and down hill, with regular, or rather irregular, flights of stairs to ascend and descend every five minutes—were we for two mortal hours on our way. Yet there was no quarrelling, no tumult, beyond that necessarily caused by so large an assemblage, and, strange to say, no accident!

By the great courtesy of the French minister, we obtained admission to a building within the mint, close under the windows of which the Sultan was to pass; pipes and coffee were brought, and very glad were we to be out of the crowd. Before us was the gate of the Seraglio, and on both sides

of the square were drawn up bodies of Turkish troops, the cavalry on one side, the infantry on the other. The morning, though only in October, was raw and cold, and it was pleasant to see that the soldiers were well protected from the inclemency of the weather. The infantry attracted our special attention; for the similarity of their costume with that of our own troops was very striking. The Turkish colours are scarlet and white, and the infantry wear scarlet coats like our own, with white trousers and belts, so that were it not for the red fez with its blue tassel, which they wear instead of our caps, their uniform would be precisely the same as what we see every day at home. The resemblance is extended also to the grey great-coat, only that their garment has a hood which protects the head.

At one time there was a distant shout heard. Everybody ran to the windows. "The Sultan is coming!" and the troops pulled off their grey coverings and displayed themselves in the scarlet and white. Half an hour passed, and no Sultan, and so the soldiery became grey again, with hooded heads like old monks; and lo! while they were

in this condition on came the imperial procession, and the Sultan saw his faithful troops looking very comfortable and very ugly!

It was a very amusing sight to see the many military officers of high rank who continually came to inspect the lines. They rode abominably! —John Gilpin became his charger as well; but it must be remembered that they were not in their native costume, but in European uniform, to which they were but little accustomed. Some had two men, one on each side, holding their skirts, so that they might not sit upon them and spoil their embroidery! The Sultan's following was very splendid, and he himself in his imperial robes. I looked in vain for one piece of state; it used to be the case, that as the Sultan cannot himself return the salutations of his subjects, a high dignitary rode before him with one of his Imperial Highness's turbans on a block, which he made to bow right and left in place of the Sultan. This will be intelligible enough when it is borne in mind that the Sultan is not only the temporal but the spiritual head of his dominions—he is the lineal descendant of the Prophet,

and is consequently looked upon as a sacred person. He stands towards his subjects in the position of God's immediate vicegerent, and is by the Moslem law forbidden to descend from his all-but divine elevation. Hence he cannot bow save to God, and the absurd device just mentioned was meant to supply that courtesy prohibited to the imperial dignity.

The service at the mosque was long, and the morning was already advanced, when the cortège, returning from Santa Sophia, passed again under our windows. With "all convenient speed" we traversed the court and presented ourselves at the "Sublime Porte" for admission. With the members of the French Legation we made good our entrance, and saw the Sultan ride through the inner gate, which none may pass on horseback save himself. A considerable delay now occurred. Every minute there were new arrivals in the court where we had taken up our position. Some followed the Sultan into the inner court. The Grand Mufti, the Grand Vizier, the Capudan Pacha, the Seraskier, were among those who did so, leaving their retinues behind. Within, the Sultan was

taking some refreshment, for he was about to go through a most fatiguing ceremony. At length breakfast was over, and amidst the shouts of the assembled grandees, flourishes of trumpets, and the incessant discharge of cannon without, his highness again made his appearance.

A kind of sofa was placed under the canopied entrance to the inner court, and was covered with cloth of gold. Before this the Sultan took his stand, and another flourish of trumpets, followed by a proclamation, invited the great vassals of the empire to kiss the foot of their august master. I am sorry to say, that instead of the embroidered papoushes, with which the turbaned Amurath or Suleiman would have received this token of unquestioned obedience, Abdul Medjid wore patent-leather boots! and instead of the orthodox turban, a fez with diamond agraffe and erect plume. First came the Sheik Islâm, or Grand Mufti, a tall stately man, in robes of green and violet, with a green turban, indicating his sacred descent. He prostrated himself with a mingled air of grace, reverence, and dignity; thrice he bowed to the earth before he kissed the foot of the

Sultan, and as many times after he had done so. When he retired, the Grand Vizier presented himself; then the Capudan Pacha, or High Admiral; then the Seraskier, or Commander-in-chief; then the Kislar Aga, or Chief Eunuch; then a host of others, whose rank and dignity was to us infidels mysterious and unknown.

One thing moved me to a continual smile. The Turks are a "good-living people," and prone to become fatter than strict symmetry admits. All the naval and military authorities were attired in tight-fitting uniforms, and as they made their obeisance one after another, like porpoises in straight-jackets, I was in doubt how they would ever contrive to get up again, and if they had rolled over and over, whether the gravity of Abdul Medjid would have been proof against so ludicrous an occurrence. However, he was not put to the proof; the affair went off *sin novedad,** as the Spaniards say.

After the great dignitaries had paid their

* "Without novelty." A bulletin runs sometimes: "Su Majestad esta sin novedad en su importante salud." "Her Majesty is without novelty in her important health."

homage, those of the second order advanced. They were not permitted to kiss the patent leather aforesaid, but an attendant with a stick poked out the edge of the imperial caftan, so that those who dared not kiss the august foot, might at all events salute the hem of the Sultan's garment. This privilege was not conceded to the third rank of those who did homage, for they were only permitted to kiss the top of a sceptre, held out by another grandee for that purpose. This part of the ceremony reminded me of the Ahasuerus of Scripture; and though I should be sorry to insult Abdul Medjid by comparing him to that most contemptible personage, yet the preservation of Eastern customs unchanged could not but be striking.

During the whole of these proceedings the Sultan seemed languid, wearied, and exhausted. "The fixed and melancholy eye" appeared to wish—had it been capable of expressing anything so active as a wish—that all these fat and obedient vassals had been on the other side of the Bosphorus; and it was with something like a momentary look of relief that he saw the last of

them scramble up from the ground, and the hedge of military draw up. Then, with a few of his chief attendants, he turned round, and the inner gates of the seraglio closed upon their mournful-looking master.

While the ceremony had been proceeding, a herald had proclaimed from time to time the high-sounding titles of the Sultan, and each had been re-echoed by a shout within and by a salute of artillery without; but I thought that there was something saddening rather than exhilarating in the whole scene; as though in the faces of all present, from the despotic master to the meanest slave, there were something ominous of decay. The wild yet plaintive bursts of Turkish music had the same effect.

When the multitude dispersed, we left the seraglio and returned to our hotel. In speaking of multitudes, I must be understood as referring to the outside of the palace; within the court none were admitted save the dignitaries of the empire and their retinues, and about twenty Europeans, ladies and gentlemen connected with the diplomatic body.

Before we left we were permitted to inspect the imperial library, which consists of some seven or eight thousand volumes, all Turkish or Arabic, principally the latter; we saw there the pedigree of the Sultan on parchment, with portraits of his illustrious predccessors from Mahomet II. This was the work of a Greek, for it is a violation of the Moslem law. However, this prohibition is becoming obsolete; Abdul Medjid sat for his picture to Sir David Wilkie, and I saw busts of him in plaster of Paris both in Constantinople and at Smyrna, and now I wish very much that I had brought one over with me. He is said himself to be partial to the fine arts, and to encourage them as much as lies in his power. In an apartment of the seraglio to which we were subsequently admitted, stands a small book-case, containing a few books, some in superb binding, and with diamond clasps, and this, we were told, was his private collection. It is well for him that he does not look to reading as the means of improving his mind.

In the inner court there is a small pavilion, the interior of which is sumptuously adorned with precious stones, and costly, but now faded tapestry.

There is in it a four-post bedstead, of colossal dimensions, covered with rich silk, and adorned with gems. Here, in the old days before Selim III., the Ottoman monarchs used to sit and receive ambassadors, not condescending to show the envoys of unbelieving powers the sublime countenance, but waving at a window the sleeve of the imperial robe, at which many prostrations were expected, and the plenipotentiary was then dismissed to his hotel, highly edified by the solemn recognition which had thus been given to his ambassadorial position.

There is a building lately erected just outside the walls of Constantinople for a barrack, and opposite to this the ministry gave a piece of ground to the French to build a church. Such a thing was never heard of before, and many objections were made to the grant. They were, however, all ineffectual, and the church was built. No sooner was a bell suspended within the steeple, than a deputation of the officers waited on Redshid Pacha, then prime minister, and represented to him the great pain inflicted on their religious feelings by the sound of a Christian bell.

"Gentlemen," replied the vizier, "when I had the honour of representing the Sultan at Paris, I found many true believers, Turkish subjects and others, in that great city of the Franks. I asked permission of the King to construct a mosque, and for some little time I could obtain no answer. I submitted plans and dimensions, and after considerable delay, I took the liberty of reminding the King, through M. Guizot, of my former application. I was told that the matter had not been forgotten, and that I should very shortly hear from His Majesty. Another fortnight elapsed, and then M. Guizot took me to a very desirable site, and showed me the shell of a building erected according to my own plans, which, together with the land on which it was built, the King desired might be considered as a present from himself to my august master. He had left us only to finish the details. I think now, gentlemen, that you will see the propriety of our ceding a piece of ground for the French to build a church."

After this there was no more to be said. I believe very few people are aware that there is a Turkish mosque in Paris; I did not myself

know it till I heard of it in Turkey, and do not now know where it is situated.

There is a great contrast between the character of the Sultan, and his principal vassal, the Governor of Egypt, Abbas Pacha. The one is as gross and cruel as the other is mild and humane, and some laws have been lately passed in Turkey which bring out this contrast in a strong light. Abdul Medjid has strictly forbidden the mutilation of children throughout his dominions. This was formerly practised to a great extent, in order to obtain fit guardians for the harems of the great.

"What are we to do," said some of the old Turks, "for our harems, when the present race of mutes and eunuchs is passed away?"

"Have female servants," was the sensible and unanswerable reply of His Highness.

Abbas Pacha, however, entertains a different opinion on the subject, and lately purchased four hundred white children in Turkey, of whom only five survived the horrible operation to which they were subjected. The consequence of this atrocity was the passing of another law by the Sultan,

forbidding the sale of white children at all, without a firman from himself. In fact, white slavery is dying out. The sale of Georgian and Circassian women is a contraband traffic, and the bazaar for Nubian slaves is only open twice in the week. It is said that one of the physicians to the Seraglio was in the service of Abbas Pacha, and left Cairo because he would have nothing to do with the hateful transaction referred to above. Most of the Sultan's medical staff are Europeans, and will no doubt continue to be so, until medical science is more successfully cultivated by the Turks. More than once attempts have been made to poison the Sultan, through the agency of his physician; and a plot was discovered last summer by the Sultan himself, through some papers which had been carelessly left about by one of his attendants. In this plot one of his physicians was *said to be* concerned. These matters are wrapped in all but impenetrable secrecy; but reports oozed out that the ramifications of the conspiracy comprehended many ulemas, or doctors of the Mohammedan law, priests, old officers, and the Sultan's

brother, Abdul Hassis. All the parties concerned were spared, some few were banished, and the physician was happy to find himself on his way to Trieste.

Another plot has been more recently discovered, and *it is said,* that Abdul Hassis was thrown into prison. Should any of these schemes take effect, the reign of reform is over, and all that can be undone will be undone. There is no doubt that a large party in Turkey would gladly see Abdul Hassis on the throne, even at the expense of his benevolent brother's life.

The Sultan has a decided objection to capital punishments; but he will be driven to some sweeping execution before long, if his repeated pardons are so ungratefully responded to.

In the old orthodox days of the Ottoman sovereignty, when every son of Othman was a "terrible Turk," and Sultans were Grand Seigniors,—

"They bore no brother near the throne;"

and even young children of the imperial line were sacrificed lest they should become troublesome. Mahmoud II. has the glory, among many

other great and royal acts, of having abolished this frightful policy; it would be sad indeed if Mahmoud's son should be compelled by dire necessity to reenact it; and yet there can be but little dependence on Abdul Medjid's life while his brother remains. Until lately, he has been the Sultan's companion, has been treated with fraternal affection, and the result has been what we see. Unhappily, in Turkey a minority is unknown. The young prince Muzad is but eleven years old, and should the Sultan die, he is too young to succeed; his uncle, Abdul Hassis, would reign, and Muzad's fate may easily be divined. Perhaps these things have their part in causing the melancholy which oppresses the Sultan. I have heard him spoken of by Turks as a man of a "black fate," one who will die young. Let us say with the Romans of old, "*Absit omen!*" "*Sero in cœlum redeat!*"

CHAPTER III.

TOLERATION IN TURKEY—ANECDOTE OF THE LATE MEHEMET ALI—RECENT FIRMAN IN FAVOUR OF PROTESTANTS—THE SULTAN AND THE ARMENIAN MERCHANT—TURKISH COURTS OF JUSTICE—BEBEK AND THERAPIA—AMERICAN MISSIONS—MEETING OF OLD FRIENDS—BEAUTIES OF THE BOSPHORUS—CASTLES OF EUROPE AND ASIA—ARMENIAN SCHOOLS—BUYUKDERE—HOTEL DE L'EMPIRE OTTOMANE—UNKIAR SKELESSI—ENTRANCE TO THE BLACK SEA—RETURN TO CONSTANTINOPLE—TURKISH OPINIONS OF THE ENGLISH—BOATMEN ON THE GOLDEN HORN—CAÏQUES AND THEIR ROWERS.

FROM what has been already said it will be supposed that the reign of intolerance is nearly over; and that of persecution, for religion's sake, there is little or none. But it will be found that, though this is undoubtedly the case with the Turkish government, yet the subordinate functionaries are by no means of the same mind as their superiors;—and the Greeks and Armenians hate and persecute each other with a true "*odium theologicum*;"—besides this, they have a mutual enemy, as they think, in the Protestant community, which

reckoning in its ranks ambassadors and envoys, consuls, and many wealthy merchants, is possessed of great influence, and cannot easily or safely be meddled with.

The feelings of the public on the subject of toleration are difficult to reach; so much of national partiality and dislike is mixed up with the question. The Greeks, for instance, are disliked, and their form of Christianity shares the same lot. The Armenians are in better odour, and a Turk would make allowances for the one which he would never think of making for the other. Jews are despised, and as far as possible oppressed, but they make their own bargains, and indemnify themselves for all the contempt, and not a little of the oppression. As for the Franks, they are in the general estimation "good people," but for want of belief predestined to *Jehanum*, and that punishment is considered sufficient. European engineers, ship-builders, architects, physicians, surgeons, artillery-men, engravers, machinists, and drill-serjeants, are considered so useful that no kind of annoyance will be permitted towards them.

The most rational, and certainly one of the most pleasing instances of Turkish notions about toleration, was related to me by a gentleman recently returned from Egypt, of the late Mehemet Ali. Some young men who had been sent to England for scientific education, were led, from what they saw in this country, to embrace Christianity; when they returned, their defection from the faith could not long be hidden. At first, attempts were made to reconvert them; they were promised many advantages which the favour of the Mollahs might procure, and threatened with the pacha's vengeance should they remain in their new communion; but they were inflexible. The matter was formally reported to the governor, who sent for the young men, and desired the Mollahs to be present at the interview.

"So, gentlemen," said Mehemet Ali, "I understand that you have forsaken Islâm, and are become Nazarenes."

The young men bowed in silence.

"I suppose you are aware of the laws made to meet such a case?"

"We are, your Highness."

"And you have made up your minds to suffer the penalty?"

"We are at your Highness's disposal."

The pacha entered into conversation with them, and offered them at once offices of trust and emolument if they would renounce the creed they had adopted in England, and return to the "*true faith.*"

They firmly, but respectfully, declined.

"What can be done in a case like this?—they are bad theologians, but they are good engineers;" said the pacha, looking to the mollahs.

"Your Highness's sublime wisdom will see," was the reply, "that a man may learn how to cast iron, from these sons of burnt mothers, the Franks, without losing his hopes of Paradise—and that the great Suleiman, (on his name be honour!) sealed up the Djins and Afreets in jars, not choosing to be served save by the faithful among spirits."

"Doubtless, that is all true. And now tell me, most learned of mollahs, what will become of these men when the day of their fate comes?"

"Oh, pacha, they will be beaten in their graves

till the day of resurrection, and after that they will be burnt in the fires of Jehanum for ever!"

"And is that all?"

"All!—Is not that enough, O pacha?"

"Well," replied Mehemet Ali, "I think it is: so I will remit all punishment *in this world!*"

This anecdote, which comes to me from one who had heard it from the lips of the youths so wisely respited, deserves a little examination. It exhibits a very enlightened view of the nature of toleration and of religious liberty. There was no denial on the part of the old Moslem that the young men were wrong, nor that everlasting death would be the consequence of their error. He made no professions of liberality,—uttered no cant about everybody being a little in the right; but while he tried to induce and to persuade, he made no attempt to compel; he left the punishment of a spiritual crime to a spiritual ruler.

This anecdote is very Turkish; but it has taken us away from Stamboul to Cairo. The Greeks often say that *all* Christians are hated by the Turks, but that the Franks, and especially the English, are too much feared for their power, to

make it advisable for Turks to show their dislike. I can speak with perfect confidence as to the reverse being the case. The Greek does not enjoy his unpopularity; and like the fox who had lost his tail, he would fain persuade us that we have lost ours too. Within the last six weeks the Sultan has erected the Protestants into a separate community, and given them certain political rights as a recognised body, by putting them into official communication with the government, and thus placing them in a far more agreeable position than that in which they have hitherto been. Before this they had some difficulty in obtaining redress for injuries, for they were not recognised as a distinct body, and a Greek or Armenian Protestant would obtain little assistance from his co-nationalists, but not co-religionists. I think it extremely likely that the incident I am about to relate may have had some influence with the Porte in causing the firman just mentioned.

Not far from Bebek, a pretty village on the Bosphorus, there lived, no longer ago than last spring, an Armenian merchant, a man of wealth, and of considerable influence in his community. The

articles in which he dealt were principally such as can be deposited in a small space—jewellery, attar of roses, perfumes, costly drugs, embroidery, Cashmere shawls, and the like. Of these he had his house full at the period I speak of. He had been induced to hear the preaching of the American Missionaries at Bebek, and the result had been that he left the communion of the Armenian Church, and declared himself a Protestant!

The priests of his former persuasion did all they could in the way of argument; they stormed, they threatened, they cajoled, they entreated, but all in vain. The merchant "had bought the truth," and was resolved "to sell it not." The Patriarch was applied to. It must be remembered that there is an Armenian as well as a Greek patriarch, and his Holiness tried all the same means over again and with no better result; till, worn out with his fruitless labour, he gave commission to excommunicate the unfortunate merchant, and to denounce him as an excommunicated person from the altar. A few days after this, an unruly mob of Greeks and Armenians, but principally the latter, assembled in front of the culprit's house,

armed with every species of destructive instrument, dispersed the family, who for the most part ran away in terror before the crowd had reached the building, and then deliberately pulled down the house and made a bonfire of the goods. After this solemn religious duty had been performed, the worshippers returned home, no doubt thankful that while their brother had so awfully fallen from the truth, they had maintained the faith in all its purity.

In the meantime the merchant, houseless and ruined, wandered about from place to place meditating on what steps he should take in order to obtain redress. To go to a Turkish court of justice is in the case of a Christian a mere mockery. The cadi hears both parties; and if they be both Christians, and both have duly bribed the functionary, which is not by any means to be forgotten, then the cadi will probably be pleased to observe, that it is a great pity that pigs and dogs cannot agree. Forgetful of the more tolerant maxim—

> "Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
> For 'tis their nature too,"

he objects to dogs doing anything of the kind;

and having decided that both parties are in the wrong, he intimates the number of piastres to which the fees amount. Should one of the litigants have forgotten the bribe, then there is a right and a wrong side to the question; and sometimes an inherent love of justice will induce a cadi to decide irrespectively of the amount of the bribe tendered.

"See," said such a man to a friend of one of the American missionaries, "Demetri Parigopulos has a complaint against Mustapha Ali, and, poor man, he is very much in the right, but Mustapha has given me twenty purses to decide in his favour, though he is clearly the aggressor. I have told Demetri that if he gives me only *ten*, he shall gain his cause: he cannot do this, it seems, and you know a man must live by his office!"

Reflections on cases like these induced our now ruined Armenian to eschew Turkish courts of law —but was he therefore to sit down contented under such an outrage? A bright thought struck him—in its boldness was his safety—he sought an interview with the grand vizier, and laid before him all his grievances.

He was kindly and attentively listened to.

"I do not see," said the vizier, "what I can do. If I interfere, it will be an extra-judicial proceeding, and will not fail to be made a handle of by those who dislike what they call innovations. The old Turks call me Diaoul Pacha as it is; what will they say if I set up to be a judge among Christians?"

Meantime it seemed as though the proceeding of the Armenian had opened a channel of thought in the mind of the vizier. "Come to me again to-morrow; and though I cannot help you myself, I will take you to one who can."

The Armenian imagined, I do not see why, that the vizier intended to take him to the Sheik Islâm, and was laying his account with a lecture on the quarrels of pigs and dogs more racy than any which a cadi would have bestowed: but he felt it was not his policy to refuse compliance with the vizier's orders, and the next day saw him again at the residence of the Turkish Prime Minister. A caïque was ready, and to the merchant's awe, he soon found that he was to be introduced into the "Sublime Presence." The after part of the preceding day had been spent in careful investi-

gation, and the minister had laid a statement of the case before the Sultan, who, with a true Harûn al Raschid feeling had determined on taking the matter into his own hands.

As soon as the Armenian had paid the customary respects, expressed his delight at beholding the proprietor of the sun and moon, stated that henceforth his face, and the faces of all his descendants would be whitened, the Sultan plunged at once "*in medias res.*"

"I am told," said his Highness, "that the Armenians at Bebek and its neighbourhood have pulled down your house and burned your goods—this is wrong, very wrong—but now tell me, what have *you* done? for no man pulls down another's house for nothing. What crime had *you* committed?"

"May it please your Highness, I committed no crime at all. I forsook what they call the faith."

"It is a bad thing," said the Sultan, "to forsake the faith: but what faith did you forsake?"

"I forsook the faith which commanded me to bow down and worship the Panagia (the Virgin Mary) and the saints."

"What!" exclaimed his Highness, "those yellow painted things that I have been told Christians worship?"

"Yes, your Highness: "but *Christians* do *not* worship them. Since I have been a Christian, I have not bowed down to the Panagia."

"Well, you are very much in the right; you have no right to worship their nasty pieces of painted wood—there is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet!"

The merchant bowed down reverently as the Sultan spoke, but doubtless made a little mental reserve, and no one ventures to contradict the Commander of the Faithful.

Abdul Medjid now began to inquire into the particulars of the transaction, and finding that the account given by the Armenian tallied exactly with that which he had received from the vizier, who it will be remembered had made special inquiries into the truth of the matter, the merchant was dismissed, and an order sent to the Patriarch of the Armenian church to be at Beshek-tasche the next day about the same hour. In fear and trembling the primate made his appearance. The Sultan was evidently out of temper; scarcely could he wait till

the ceremonial prostrations were over when he began—

"How is it that your people burn the goods and pull down the houses of my subjects? Am not I the Sultan 'dhin? Am I to eat dirt?" The patriarch was greatly alarmed. He attempted to explain.

"No!" said the Sultan, "I know all about it, and have made up my mind."

"May it please your Highness——"

"It does *not* please me, and that is why I have sent for you. Now hear what I have to say: I persecute no one for his religion, and I will not allow you to do it. God is great; what pigs you are, to do such a thing! This man puts his trust in God, and sits down under our shadow: he shall not be robbed.

"Now listen," continued Abdul Medjid, from whose countenance all traces of anger had passed away; "this merchant must be reimbursed for his losses." The patriarch began to look pale. "As he has been injured by my subjects, my treasury must make good the damage. No man may pray for vengeance against us for oppression."

His Holiness began to breathe again. "Your

Highness is the source of comfort and the rose of justice."

"Yes, doubtless I am. This being the case, I must see to the redress of all mischief committed against those who look to the green banner for protection. Now, if I do no more than this, all true believers will have a right to complain; for will it not be taxing them to make up for the crimes of dogs and infidels? therefore, as I pay the merchant, *you* must pay me!"

All trace of colour had departed from the patriarchal countenance. He opened his mouth, but the words would not come. It was not necessary; the Sultan made him a sign that for the present he might be silent.

"By this time next week the Armenian will have his wrongs redressed; on the corresponding day in the week following, *you* will restore the amount to our treasury; and then, as soon as you like, you have our imperial licence and permission to make the evil doers, set on, O father of bad advice! by your persuasions, indemnify you in your turn.

"Now I have to state the amount necessary:

the merchant says he has lost eight hundred thousand piastres;" (about 8,000*l.*) "but as, in the hurry and confusion of such an event, he has doubtless lost the recollection of many valuable things which he possessed, we will add one half more, and we will say twelve hundred thousand piastres; and this will repay him in some way for the sufferings he has gone through. Our treasurer will pay him these 1,200,000 piastres next week, and you will repay it to us the week after."

Once more his Holiness attempted to speak, but the Sultan clapped his hands—"It is spoken!" and the patriarch, caught in his own snare, was obliged to obey.

This appears to me to be one of the most oriental pieces of justice I ever heard related. Bebek is noted for the seat of the American missions; they are principally directed to the Jews, Greeks, and, as we have seen, Armenians; they have a pleasantly-situated house, a tolerable library, with philosophical instruments, and a museum. I saw the Armenian school, and was much interested with the appearance of the children. The Armenian countenance is one not easily forgotten; the

women have large, soft, languishing eyes, very black hair, wide, rather low foreheads, and a pleasing expression of kindness and gentleness. The children are quick to learn, and the school is well supplied with books, maps, and music. The girls brought up here are much sought in marriage by the better class of the young Armenians, and the consequence is that the truths of real Christianity are being gradually, but surely, disseminated throughout the nation. It was with great pleasure that I perceived M. Pelecassis had found an old friend in one of the ladies connected with the American mission: long before her marriage he had known her at Smyrna, and it was owing to the kind attention he received from the ladies of the American mission at that city that he had escaped with life from an attack of small-pox, and had first been made acquainted with scriptural truth. I augured well from this meeting, for I thought it likely that M. Pelecassis might have found at Bebek satisfactory employment. He afterwards told me that he had himself entertained the same hope, but had been deceived: they were Independents,—he was a Baptist!

The next reach in the Bosphorus brings us to Therapia, the favoured retreat of the diplomatic body. Here, in a delightful valley, are the residences of most of the European ambassadors; the situation is exceedingly healthy, as the name imports; and a lovelier spot could hardly be selected in Europe. Further on is Buyukdere, another village almost equally beautiful. Here we found that many of the chief Greek merchants of Constantinople had fixed their abodes; and here too is the Russian embassy. The people at Buyukdere were complaining that the Russian ambassador (Titoff) lived very closely, and gave few balls or entertainments, being chiefly occupied, as they considered, with the amassing of money. The hotel—or rather, the best hotel, for there are two—is that of the "Empire Ottoman," and this must take rank as the Richmond Star and Garter to the Turkish metropolis. Undoubtedly we fared sumptuously, and were sumptuously lodged in this hotel, and if the charges were somewhat of the highest, so was the accommodation. I never witnessed a finer sunset or a more brilliant moonlight than at this enchanting place. The moun-

tains behind, and the mountains on the other side of the Bosphorus, stretched forward in two lines, till they seemed to sink into the Black Sea, the entrance to which lay before us. The winds were cool—too cool, indeed, to be supportable without brisk exercise,—and we walked up and down the quay amidst the Greek population of the place, all of whom seemed known to the friend who was with us. We were struck with the beauty of the children, and the Greek physiognomy seemed in general to be here seen to great advantage. Just in sight is Unkiar Skelessi, noted for the treaty concluded there between Russia and the Porte, and where, as in most treaties between such parties, the weaker was at once insulted and cheated. Nearer Constantinople are the famous Castles of Europe and Asia, the former of which is even yet used as a place of confinement for refractory grandees; and nearer still the green kiosk, where secret treaties are made.

Whoever goes on the Bosphorus, or on the Golden Horn, cannot fail to be struck with the vast number of caïques plying for hire; there are said to be no fewer than eighty thousand; the fares are about the same as on the Thames, but

there are too many to exercise the calling. The boatmen at Constantinople, as everywhere else, are a peculiar class, and have their own notions, their own wit, and their own habits. They, like the rest of the Turks, seem to have a very good opinion of the English, and on one or two occasions, I saw this displayed in a most unmistakable manner. One day we took a caïque to go on board some ships in the harbour, and hired it for two hours, that we might despatch our business leisurely, and have time to row round the fleet. For an hour all went well, but then the boatman turned to our interpreter, and told him that it was now time to go home.

"Why, we have only been out an hour," exclaimed the dragoman.

"Nay," observed the boatman, "one Frank hour is equal to two Turkish hours," (I need not say that this was a most abominable invention,)—"and our bargain is completed." The Greek, for such our valet de place was, replied by a torrent of eloquent vituperation, but when he had exhausted his breath, and his vocabulary, the Turk quietly folded his arms, letting the caïque take its own way, and only answered, that what

he said before was right. Again and again did the Greek return to the charge, but always with the same success, when it struck me that a little quiet decision would probably settle the matter in a far more satisfactory manner. I bade the Greek be still, and addressed the Turk in English, of which he knew about as much as I did of Turkish. I spoke to him in a calm, but authoritative way, laying my right fore-finger from time to time on the open palm of the other hand.

"Now, my friend," said I, "listen to me; I know very well that you Turks understand English. I mean to hold you to your bargain; an hour is an hour, but if there *be* any difference, the English hours are shorter than the Turkish, for we never have too much time, and you always have. If however you take us where we want to go, and for as long as we have agreed, *we* will pay all we have promised, but if you do not, we will not pay a single para."

I suppose all he understood of this harangue was the word *para*, but the effect was astonishing. He turned round to our interpreter, and fairly overwhelmed him with a torrent of invective. I was very anxious to know what he said.

"Sir," said the dragoman, who was most indignant, "the fellow addressed me in some such terms as these, 'Pig of a Christian! why did you not tell me what the gentlemen wanted. As soon as Effendi spoke to me himself, I understood the matter at once,—he speaks like a pacha, while *you*—you father of false witness, and son of abomination, nobody can understand you at all. You think you look like a Frank, because you wear a hat. If you had the grandfather of hats on your head, you would be only a pig and a camel. Tell the gentlemen, O! son of a burnt mother, that I will take them even to the world's end!'"

Sure enough, he took us with alacrity wherever we wanted to go, and made abundance of salaams to us when we paid him the stipulated sum. I afterwards found that when we employed a Greek to speak, or to act for us, the Turks were always displeased, but if we spoke directly to *them*, and allowed our servant to translate, they were gratified; and it appeared, that not only did they prefer the direct mode of address, but really they seemed to like the sound of the English language.

CHAPTER IV.

TURKISH POLICE—CEPHALONIANS IN CONSTANTINOPLE—INSTANCE OF PRESENCE OF MIND IN A GREEK YOUTH—DOMESTIC ROMANCE—TURKISH IDEAS OF DOMESTIC JUSTICE—MOSQUES AND MAUSOLEUMS—CHILDREN OF THE OLD SULTANS—DANCING DERVISHES—BAZAARS—M. RALLI—THE JEWISH BROKERS—TURKISH NOTIONS OF COMMERCE—INTEGRITY OF THE OTTOMAN CHARACTER—THE SERAGLIO—ITS BATHS AND GARDENS—TURKISH COOKERY AND SWEETMEATS—PERFUMES AND PASTILES—ROSE-WATER AND SHERBET—VARIOUS KINDS OF BEVERAGES.

To the reader of the Arabian Nights, the Moslem police must seem a very extemporaneous kind of affair, and so until the ascension of the late Sultan it undoubtedly was; but now there are few cities which can boast of a more active and intelligent police than Constantinople. The Turks themselves are a quiet inoffensive race, and by no means likely to give much trouble to any reasonable magistrates; but unhappily, Constantinople is the resort of many of the worst characters produced by the Levant; and a bad Levantine is an unspeakably bad specimen of humanity. Unfor-

tunately for us, the most troublesome of Levantines are our subjects, and make use of their nationality in such a way as to cause great annoyance to the Ottoman authorities.

Mr. Albert Smith, in his most clever and amusing narrative of a month's visit to Constantinople, relates that his servant said, "in more difficult English than I care to distress the reader with,—Here 's where they cut the heads off, just here where these two streets meet, and the body is left here a day or so, and sometimes the dogs get at it. Not many executions now,—*only English subjects!* There was something very startling in this information till it was explained,"—"there had not, however, been an execution for more than a year, with all the popular talk of Turkish scymetars and sacks."

Even had they been more frequent, the Turks would not have been without excuse. There were streets, some time ago, which persons with money about them did not care to pass through, and the crimes committed by Cephalonians were as remarkable for their daring as for their atrocity. M. Ralli, the younger, to whom we were much

indebted for his most valuable kindness in Constantinople, told me that he had seen a Turkish officer stabbed to the heart, by a Cephalonian, on the new bridge; the murderer escaped into Galata, and was never taken. I heard from an English gentleman the following anecdote, and singularly enough, it was afterwards repeated to me by an Italian resident of Pera. It shows what was done only a year ago. *Now* such things are impossible.

A young Greek, who was employed in some inferior capacity in a banking-house, was left by the cashier to reckon up a heap of piastres: the banker was gone to Therapia, or Buyukdere, or wherever his country residence might be; the cashier and the other clerks had departed, and had left this young man with money to the value, it may be, of 20*l.*, to count. This he did, foolishly enough, it would seem, from what followed, with the door open leading to the street. While occupied with his task, a huge brawny fellow, with an embroidered jacket, and the usual white or Isabella coloured fustanella, made his entrance, and demanded alms.

"I have no money," said the young man.

"Stuff! why, you have a counter full before you."

"Well, but it is not mine."

"What matters that? I am in want, and I *will have* relief."

The youth tried once more to save his master's property, but finding that he had to do with a determined robber, he said, "Well, if you must, you must; but don't take *that* money, because *I* am answerable for that. I have some here in a box, which has been reckoned by the cashier." The Cephalonian paused, and the young Greek dived beneath the counter, from whence he emerged in another instant with a pistol in each hand. "Now," said he to the robber, "if you do not stretch out your arms and walk out, I will blow your brains out in one second." The Cephalonian, struck with amazement, did as he was ordered, and, followed by the young clerk, departed from the banking-house. The object of making him hold out his hands was to prevent his drawing a pistol. Great praise was given to the youth for his presence of mind; the pistols were not loaded, and he would, as he afterwards said,

hardly have had nerve to pull the trigger even had they been so. The Cephalonian gentry are as troublesome at home and at Smyrna as here, as we shall by-and-by see.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable domestic romances of our age has lately seen its denouement in Constantinople. I shall give it as it was related to me, premising that the initials I use are not those of the parties concerned.

Dr. A. B., an English physician, went many years ago to practise in the capital of Turkey; he soon found that in Pera and Galata he was establishing himself as favourably as he could desire; his patients were Europeans, and the higher class of the Fanariote Greeks. This circumstance threw him a great deal into society with Greeks as well as Franks, and before long he met at the house of a Greek friend a young lady of good family, among the Greeks of the Fanar. Her extraordinary beauty struck the young physician; and, finding on enquiry the high respectability of her connexions, and that she possessed a considerable fortune, he formally addressed, and eventually married her. But the new Mrs. A. B. was one for

whose exigencies no fortune would suffice; and at an ominously short period after their marriage it became necessary to economize. "If you want money," said the lady, "leave it to me, Doctor, and I will soon get money enough for you." She kept her word: she established private gaming tables in her house, and soon gathered round her a few young men of the diplomatic body, and all who could be induced to barter respectability for the joint fascinations of beauty and play. The conduct of the lady was soon found to be more than suspicious, in other ways besides the fairness of the play that went on under her auspices; and though money was obtained, yet Dr. B.'s Christian connexion fell off, and he was soon left without a patient.

Things were in this state when Sultan Mahmoud fell suddenly ill. The attack was febrile and acute; it required energetic and rapid treatment, and His Highness's chief physician was absent on leave. What was to be done? Mahmoud had no confidence in Turkish doctors, and Greeks were an abomination to him. Some one in the seraglio remembered Dr. B.; he was at once sent for,

and his management of the case produced the happiest results. He spoke the Turkish language fluently, his manners were pleasing, and he had saved the Sultan's life. His illustrious patient was so delighted with his new medical attendant, that he took him at once into the imperial household, and the changing wheel of our hero's fortune brought him to be the chief favourite of a mighty monarch.

Meantime affairs at home went on much as before, till, one luckless or lucky day, a Turk of wealth and rank beheld the physician's wife. How this came about may be easily imagined. Ottoman patients were plentiful, though Christian ones were few, and Mehemet Pacha required the professional services of the Sultan's *hakeem* to help him out of a slight attack of gout. When he afterwards beheld the lady, he determined to make her his own, and finding her willing, he transferred her from presiding over her own faro tables, to superintend the harem of a Pacha. The Christian husband, as may be expected, did not take the matter quietly: he complained to Mahmoud.

"What can I do?" said the Sultan; "a true believer may change his wives if he likes. Shall I order Mehemet Pacha to give her back to you? This I will do if you like, for he has no right to keep your wife away from you against your will."

"That, your Highness," replied the doctor, "is the very last thing I should wish; nay more, I could not receive her again if she would come back."

"Well, then," was the imperial rejoinder, "I can do no more. Mehemet Pacha has a right to take for his wife a lady who chooses to be so, unless her natural protector requires her to be given up."

A very wise and satisfactory decision of his Highness!

There was now nothing more to be said. Mehemet Pacha renounced polygamy, and lived only with his somewhat irregularly acquired lady. Time rolled on, and Mahmoud II. slept with his fathers. The physician, freed from the unhappy wife who had been in every way so sad a clog to his progress, recovered his character and position, and is now much and deservedly respected. His career has not been without romance. But we

have now to pass to the harem of Mehemet Pacha. One day the Pacha was lamenting that his vast possessions would pass to strangers at his death, and regretting that a union which had been so happy, was not still more closely cemented by offspring.

"Why, Pacha!" exclaimed the lady, "why did you not tell me you wished for children? you should have had them. Do you want any now?"

Mehemet laughed and replied in the affirmative.

"Will you have a son or a daughter?"

"Of course I want a son to inherit my estates, and to keep up my name."

"Well, you shall have one!"

The Pacha thought no more of the jest, as he supposed it, but in due time he was presented with a son. Great were the rejoicings at this event, and most tenderly and carefully was the young heir watched over.

A few months afterwards—

"Pacha," again inquired the lady, "would you like another son?"

"No," was the answer; "this time I should prefer a daughter."

A daughter was not wanting to crown his felicity, and it was with some lingering regret that Mehemet* accepted the offer made by Abdul Medjid to undertake the office of ambassador in England.

> "'Tis said that their last parting was pathetic,
> As partings often are, or ought to be."—Beppo.

The Greek lady was left with full powers to do as seemed best to her during the absence of her too trusting lord.

As soon as he was gone, it happened that the little girl was taken ill, and the (supposed) mother, imagining that the air of the place in which they lived, close to Dolma Bakshe, was not good for the child, caused her to be removed to Pera, where a nurse was found for her. However all care was in vain, the child died; and Mrs. B——, as we will still call her, who appears to have been very anxious to preserve the children, made secret inquiries, and found another child, as like as possible to the one she had lost.

When the new foundling was brought home to the Pacha's house, she seems to have been narrowly examined by the head eunuch, an old

and faithful servant of Mehemet's, and he at once made up his mind that the girl who came was not the same as the girl who went. He expressed his opinions, very rashly perhaps, to his mistress, who maintained of course the identity of the child, expressing great indignation at the suspicions implied.

Not many days after, the old man saw reasons to add to his suspicions new ones, and of a different kind. He found that the cook, an Italian, enjoyed more of his mistress's confidence and society than was seemly, and it soon appeared that the wife of the Mohammedan Pacha was no more scrupulous than the wife of the Christian physician had been. This new impropriety the unfortunate eunuch remonstrated against, and intimated that it was his bounden duty to make his master acquainted with all that had taken place. In the mean time he had been to Pera with some clever *cavasses* of the detective police, and had found out where the two first children came from, whose offspring they were, and all about them, who were the parents of the substitute lately provided, and where the original adopted child had died and been buried.

All this the lady denied, and stoutly asserted that the children were her own and the Pacha's, and that she had never been unfaithful to him in any way whatever. At last, when she found what convincing proofs were in the hands of the eunuch, she admitted her guilt to the fullest extent, throwing herself on the mercy of the old servant, and urging him not to betray what would only disturb the peace of mind of the Pacha, and which could not in any way be now remedied.

The old man declined to comprehend the force of this reasoning. It was his duty to tell his master, and tell his master he would. In vain, too, was an attack made on his avarice.

"The Pacha is wealthy and powerful; if you want money, I will give you as much as you please; if you want advancement, the Pacha can get you a place in the household of the Sultan."

"I want none of these things," answered the dogged old man. "I have more money than a person in my situation can require; and I would not leave my master—no, not to be made Kislar Aga!"

There was no hope. Why would he be so

obstinate, the miserable old man? The next day he was found strangled in his bath; and if to be suffocated by fair hands be a privilege, undoubtedly that privilege he had. The house was filled with consternation; murder is not a matter which can be hushed up: the police were aware of the fact that a man had been found strangled, and suspicion fell on the cook. This wretch was interrogated and bastinadoed, and finally confessed his crime! That he implicated his master's wife was quite true, but his own doom was quickly settled; his head rolled on the ground, his last declaration being that he had only been induced so to act by the instigations and threats of his unhappy mistress.

Now occurred a great difficulty; for what could be done with the lady? She was the wife of a Pacha, and Turkish justice is slow to put women to death. In the harem such things are done, but not by the hands of the executioner. The best way was to "do nothing and to do it directly," and this was the course pursued. Mehemet Pacha was recalled, and it was agreed that no decision could be come to till he arrived. He was on his

way home when I left Constantinople, and I have heard since that he has pardoned his guilty wife, and that she is now living apart from him. Few novels in three volumes contain more of the elements of romance than this simple but frightful tale.

We visited, of course, the mosques, and were, as is usual, disappointed. Of that which was once the cathedral of Justinian so much has been said and written, that it would be out of place to offer any description. It has lately been substantially repaired, and the dome is now as purely Turkish as that of the Suleimanje itself. In many parts the ancient mosaic is covered with yellow plaster, and the higher portion of the cupola is adorned with Arabic inscriptions, celebrated for the beauty of their execution. Above the four central pillars which support the dome, are four great oval boards, like gigantic sign-boards, painted bright green, and with the name of the Prophet and his three principal disciples respectively written on them in gold letters. Nothing can be worse than the effect of this perpetration! Out of keeping with every possible style of architecture, these

great boards seem designed to insult every kind of taste. In itself the mosque is fine from its dimensions, and from the beauty of the marbles employed in the pillars. Some of these were once in the temple of Diana at Ephesus, and others were taken from buildings scarcely less distinguished.

After all, the very plan of a Byzantine church is fundamentally wrong. It is a flat dome supported by square pillars, and buttressed up by sections of similar buildings. I am inclined to believe that in spite of the unheard-of treasures lavished by Justinian in the erection of a temple, which he fondly imagined superior to that of Solomon, the present mosque, *with its minarets*, has more claim to consideration than it had in the days of its founder. As to the others, I do not perceive the superiority which some claim for them. They seem to be all copies, and merely copies on an inferior scale and of inferior materials; and as such, however much they may commend themselves to the Arab taste, they have few claims to our admiration.

The mausoleums of some of the Sultans struck

me as being much more interesting. In that of Suleiman the Magnificent, which is placed in the midst of a garden, there are the small coffins or sarcophagi of several of his children destroyed in infancy, lest, as the Turkish writers significantly say, they might be troublesome hereafter. Several other Sultans rest in the same building. Their coffins are surmounted by the tall ancient turban of white muslin which looks much like the mitre placed on the head of Aaron in old pictures.

Around the walls are memorials of the deceased, and above, the gazer *is told* that there are costly diamonds in the roof, an assertion the truth of which I somewhat doubt. It is true that diamonds look comparatively dull when cut and set as they generally are in the East; so that the dim appearance of the stones in this roof is no proof that they are not really what they profess to be; but I cannot help thinking it improbable that diamonds of a sufficient size to be visible at such an elevation would have been so employed.

A building of great interest is the mausoleum of the late Sultan, and few things strike the western mind with more astonishment than the arrange-

ment of this imperial resting-place. It is made to look as much as possible like a drawing-room; the windows are furnished with muslin curtains, and the coffins are covered with costly shawls. On the floor is a superb carpet, and the walls are covered with inscriptions in richly gilt frames; some of these are by the hand of the late Sultan. To write a beautiful hand is a great accomplishment in Turkey, and Mahmoud excelled all the men of his time. In the flourishes of his signature he contrived to introduce all the magnificent titles which are given to him by the custom of his country.

It was our bounden duty to hear some dervishes howl, and to see other dervishes turn or whirl, for dancing it is not. But I shall only remark on this exhibition, that most of the performers looked pale and unhealthy, and one or two of them regarded their unbelieving visitors with a scowl such as is not very commonly to be met with on "the human face divine." More than one of these gentry I afterwards found keeping shops in the bazaars, and indeed their profession as dancing dervishes by no means exempts them from the

necessity of labouring for a subsistence. We were not asked to give anything, nor is it usual to do so.

When we made our farewell purchases in the bazaars, M. Ralli sent his broker with us, that we might not be cheated; for no man who does not know the exact value of every article he seeks should attempt to purchase for himself. The professed dragomans are so far in league with the dealers that the stranger gets little through their mediation, and the only way to be sure of good treatment is to get some mercantile friend, well established, to send his buyer or broker; and what strange scenes will he then witness!

"Come in, O Rustam! O Pacha! condescend to enter. Here are shawls and embroidered handkerchiefs." Just then a pair of yellow boots shuffles by supporting a dark dress and white yashmak—"Come, O my eyes!—delight of all hearts!—rose of beauty! here is muslin and embroidered scullcaps—here is a robe fit for an houri." The lady uncovers her other eye, but walks on. We enter, select what we wish, and then commences the war of words. "Fifty pias-

tres! I will give fifteen: it is dear at that; it is dirt. Forty-five! no, twenty; other merchants would sell me better for eighteen, but I come to you because I knew your father." Finally we get it, whatever it is, for twenty-five.

That cunning fellow is a Greek. We have bought some handkerchiefs, and he is trying to substitute others for them. Our Jew broker jumps on the shopboard and belabours him with his fists; he kicks and thumps, and the other very feebly resists, for he knows he is in the wrong: but while he is thus engaged, the Turk with whom we had been previously dealing, comes back to us, and insists on having back his merchandise again, "*for he had sold it too cheap.*" We unpack our bundle of purchases, which a porter is carrying for us, and give back what we had bought; he gives us back our money, and we go to another Turk and buy the very same description of goods, the same materials, and the same pattern, for twenty per cent less!

Here comes a porter carrying a log of wood; he has a green turban on, for he is a descendant of the Prophet, but he tumbles against M. Ralli, and the latter administers a kick which greatly

accelerates his pace. All that comes of this is, that M. Ralli's mother is called by some unpolite name, and consigned to a disagreeable locality.

And now it will be said, What becomes of the Turkish integrity if such cheating as this goes on every day, and all day long, in the bazaars? In order to answer this question, we must be a little philosophical. There are two theories of commerce:—one, which is a scientific system of universal exchange, which fixes on each article an exact price, varying according to the proportion between the supply and the demand, — which takes into consideration the cost of production and transit, and estimates the riches of each nation in terms of those of others,—which calculates the rates of exchange, and is conversant with theories of currency. This is the European science; and according to this each article of merchandise has its accurate value, calculable for every place and for every set of circumstances. He who knowingly asks more than this is acting contrary to the rules laid down for the carrying out the system; he is guilty of an act which, if not actually dishonest, is yet dishonourable. This

theory is unknown among Turkish retail dealers. His system is a much more simple one; to him as a seller,

> "The worth of anything,
> Is just as much as it will bring."

To you as a buyer, he considers the worth to be measured by your need of what he has to sell. You ask him for what you want; he calculates, first, how much profit he can afford to sell for; and next, what is the value to you of what you require. In other words, how much you will give. The market-price has nothing to do with the matter: every transaction is a matter of private bargain. You will not give more than the article is worth to you, and of this you are the sole judge; but what the value is to the buyer, that is the fair price to the seller. A real Turk will not take you in; he will not sell as gold that which is only gilt, nor will he foist upon you adulterated wares. You may take his word for the quality of his goods, but as to the price, you must buy as cheap, he will sell as dear as possible. This simple view of the nature of a contract must be remembered when you deal with Turkish

tradesmen, and then you will never have occasion to accuse them of failing in point of integrity.

I have already spoken of the Seraglio, and the disappointment it caused me. The interior has some good rooms, but is undignified and ill-arranged. The picture-gallery contains only a few coloured French prints, enough to break the command of the Prophet, but not enough to excite the smallest interest. The armour is alone worth seeing, of the treasures, and the baths, of the structure itself; these last are magnificent, small, exquisitely carved chambers of white marble, with domed roofs, pierced like honeycombs, and lighted by innumerable lenses from above, they have all the effect of ivory cupolas filled with windows of sapphire. In these baths hot and cold water are always ready, for the Sultan, though he rarely visits the serai-bornou, yet may require, when he does come, a bath at a moment's notice.

We took some little trouble to investigate the mysteries of Moslem cookery. Kabobs, of course, are too well known to require description; but the delicacies vended in the streets of Constantinople are various. Some, indeed most, are

sweet, for a love of sweet things seems to extend throughout the East, and wherever Eastern blood is found. It is so in Spain and Portugal, as well as in Turkey, and many of the peninsular preparations are precisely the same as those sold in Stamboul and Smyrna. One favourite dish is composed of milk thickened and sweetened, with some aromatic flavouring, and small pieces of the breasts or wings of chickens imbedded in it; this is seen filling innumerable small pans on the shop-boards of the capital, alternating with a sort of pancake made of flour and honey, which is eaten with *kaimac*, or clotted cream; preparations of transparent sugar are sold by itinerant venders, whose trade is a profitable one. *Hard-bake*, or *toffy*, find their representatives; barley-sugar seems in considerable demand, and a kind of sweet paste made of quince, somewhat like *pâte de jujubes*, is very abundant.

The Moslem population repudiate wine and beer, but they are great connoisseurs in various refreshing beverages, which pass under the generic name of Sherbet. Now this sound has, to western ears, a very attractive character: one thinks of Arabian nights, and festivals of the Caliphs and

Lalla Rookh, and imagines a kind of Olympian nectar, realized and brought below for the delectation of the virtuous and the temperate. Now listen, and be unorientalized, O reader!—Sherbet is made by pouring boiling water upon dried fruits; when the liquid has stood a certain time, it is strained off and cooled with snow,—very fair on paper doubtless,—but the commonest raisins are dried fruits, and the ordinary sherbet of the bazaars consists of water, which, when hot, has washed a few of these, and is therefore slightly impregnated with dirty treacle. To make something rather better, put a table-spoonful of treacle into a pint of hot water; when it is cold add a lump of ice, and call the mixture sherbet! At the same time, sherbet, made with fine dried peaches or apricots, with a little of the essence of almond, vanilla, or orange-flower, and sometimes a *soupçon* of musk to those who like it, or a dash of fine rose-water, is not to be despised.

Lemonade, again. It is commonly supposed that no such thing as lemonade is known west of Stamboul:—

> "A Moslem's heaven is quickly made,
> 'Tis but black eyes and lemonade."

If so, the beverage should be perfect; but, alas! for fancy, stern reality taught me that, unless I saw the lemons squeezed into the cup, diluted nitric acid answered the purpose as well; and if you complain, you are told that this is a bad year for lemons, and that the crop has almost universally failed, — an excellent reason for charging five piastres per glass for water with a lump of sugar and two or three drops of nitric acid in it. Some of the best lemonade I ever tasted out of Majorca was at Smyrna, where, however, it was made in the European fashion at Milles' Hotel. Attar-gul, or otto of roses, will be pressed on the stranger in the bazaar, but let him beware of whom he buys. Look out for a solemn Osmanli; you may know him by his turban and beard, and also by his giving himself little trouble about you or your requirements. Give him about ten piastres for a bottle, small, flat, and richly gilded, about three inches long; and ask him to pour it out of its receptacle before your eyes; then you will have something precious. Have some also of his oil of sandal-wood; and if he assures you that he has any of the hareem pastiles, buy some, and keep them well wrapped up in cotton, for the essence is very volatile.

CHAPTER V.

DEPARTURE FROM CONSTANTINOPLE—PLAINS OF TROY—SMYRNA—CUSTOM-HOUSE HERE AND AT STAMBOUL—GENERAL ASPECT OF SMYRNA—PALACE OF THE PACHA—ENGLISH CONSUL—HEALTHINESS OF THE COUNTRY—VILLAGES IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD—ROBBERS IN THE CITY—ATTACK ON THE AUSTRIAN CONSULATE—MILLES' HOTEL—AMERICAN GUESTS—CUSTOMS OF THE GREEK INHABITANTS—SLAVE MARKET—EXPEDITION TO BOURNABAT—COUNTRY INN—PREPARATIONS FOR STARTING—COOKS AND INTERPRETERS—HORSES AND SADDLES—OUTFIT, ARMS AND NECESSARIES—TESHKERÉ—CONTRACT WITH GUIDES.

It was with much regret, and a consciousness that it would take months to see all that Constantinople had to show us, that we left that interesting city. We took our places for Smyrna by an English steamer, the 'Sultan,' which should have left the Golden Horn about two o'clock in the afternoon. We were on board by three, having sent our portmanteaus two hours earlier. This was an unfortunate proceeding, for it gave the

man who took our luggage opportunity to impose upon us a story that he had paid fifty piastres to the custom-house officers as export duty! We knew that such a thing was in the highest degree improbable, but we had not attended to our luggage ourselves, and could not therefore prove that he had paid nothing; and as there was no one on board to interfere, we received only a small portion of change out of a handsome Turkish piece of 100 piastres, which we had given this fellow to pay certain little expenses on the way. We managed to leave pistols and other things behind, and then had the satisfaction of staying in the Golden Horn till seven o'clock, time enough to have got all that, through being in a hurry, we left. "More haste, worse speed," is sometimes a good proverb, and Englishmen as well as Spaniards know what the meaning of "hay tiempo" is in southern climates. However, as night darkened round us we ploughed our way into the quiet sea of Marmora, and again had the satisfaction of stemming its tranquil waters by a brilliant moonlight.

Early morning brought us opposite to the plains

of Troy. The Simois and the Scamander are now small scarcely traceable streams, and the former is dry—dry as Illyssus in summer time. There is a mound called the Tomb of Achilles, and another assigned to Patroclus. A few more which may or may not have been tombs, are now

> "The desert of old Priam's pride,
> The tombs sole relics of his reign;
> All save immortal dreams that could beguile,
> The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle;"

but we had no time to stay and examine the spot. A few camels were grazing on the plain, claiming it as Asiatic soil, and we continued to gaze on the scene of the great epic till summoned to do justice to breakfast. Reminiscences of Homer never spoil the appetite; the true heroic temperament always implies a good digestion, and there is something singularly cordial in the way in which the father of poetry sets his heroes down to the "equal banquet;" how they slew the fatted beeves, how they dressed the slaughtered victims, how they cooked and how they served up, how they ate and how they drank, and how they never forgot to say grace, are all duly registered with as much parti-

cularity as the blows they dealt in battle, or the prizes they divided after the fight. A little volume of Homeric table-talk would be a curiosity, but, perhaps, the Greeks of that day saved their eloquence for the council board; their descendants pour it forth on all occasions. But to return to the heroic character. Scott, who had much of Homer's spirit, is always awake to the importance of the commissariat department, and when it is dinner time, his *dramatis personæ* are always ready for dinner.

This digression is by way of excuse for having left the plains of Troy to go to breakfast. The rest of our passage was void of incident, and it was after a pleasant journey of two days that we looked on the "crown of Asia," and traced the outline of the Acropolis on a peak of Mount Pagus. Along the shore stretches for a considerable extent the metropolis of Asiatic Turkey. The abundant and luxurious vegetation, the magnificent background of mountain, the tall slender minarets rising from amidst the groves of cypresses, and the deep masses of dark green, all but black, which skirt the city and show the position of the cemeteries, give Smyrna a beautiful and romantic

appearance. The city is triangular, one side facing the sea, and the other two filling the space between two mountain ridges. Its present population is not far short of 180,000, and it is said that 60,000 are Christians. To those who meditate on the solemn warnings given to the seven churches by the Spirit through the Apostle St. John, it will be deeply interesting to trace the fulfilment of the promises made to this one. To Smyrna no reproof was conveyed; she had suffered and was comforted; and to this day there has ever been a Christian community here. The candlestick has never been removed out of its place, and the gospel is now preached in all its purity to those willing to listen. I was told that there were 5,000 Protestants in Smyrna. It seems a large number, but it may be true. Smyrna is a place of great commerce, and her relations with western Europe are daily enlarging.

When we landed, precisely the same formalities had to be gone through as at Constantinople. There was a formidable-looking person, armed to the teeth, who demanded our luggage, or at least reasons why it should go on. The reasons were

forthcoming in the shape of a few piastres, and our portmanteaus proceeded unexamined. We had been reading Mr. Murray's Guide Book, and ordered our porters to go to the *Grand Hotel de Smyrne,* but they found no such place. By-and-by we learned that the proprietor of that establishment had failed and quitted the city, that the other person named in the Guide had taken similar steps, and that "the only hotel to which a gentleman could go" was the Hotel de Mille, so called, not from its thousand frequenters, but from the name of its very respectable and obliging proprietor. It is also called Hotel des Deux Augustes, a title which would suggest Pupienus and Balbinus, Diocletian and Maximian, or any similar imperial co-partnership; but it really means that the name of worthy M. Mille is Auguste, and that he has bestowed the same more than royal appellation on his son.

We were told, but not till it was too late to comply, that the first duty of an Englishman on landing at Smyrna is to make his advent known to the English consul, who then becomes cognisant of his existence, and should he get into any

dilemma with the Turks, can do him right. In our case, as we did not at any time require consular aid, it was perhaps of less consequence; and we were the more induced to take this view of the case, as when we wished to obtain some information from the consul before starting for the interior, we were treated with very little courtesy by that functionary; nor would he even condescend to tell us whether the dragoman we purposed to employ, and who referred us to him, was a trustworthy person or not. Fortunately for us, we were happy in our selection; but for any light the consular referee thought fit to throw on the subject, we might have put ourselves under the guidance of a captain of banditti.

Smyrna is considered in the East a fine city, and so undoubtedly it is, but not a fine city according to our view. The streets are narrow and crooked, many of the houses are built of lath and plaster, and I was sorry to see that most of the new ones were being constructed of no better materials. Some are, however, of stone, and the Via dei Franchi (the Street of the Franks) is tolerably good. It is in this street that the consulates

are situated, and the English, French, and Austrian posts. Here, too, are the counting-houses of the chief merchants, and the principal shops. Generally speaking, I should rate Smyrna as about on a par with an equal portion of Constantinople, but it has no remarkable buildings, wants the magical beauty of situation which distinguishes the greater city, and is only about one-third the size. The shops are, I think, better than in the European capital, and there seems to me to be a better supply of goods.

The police of Smyrna has been lately much improved, and not before the improvement was called for. Here, as at Constantinople, there are congregated a multitude of the worst characters from Italy, Malta, Greece, the Ionian Islands, and Egypt. Among such a mass of fermenting evil, it cannot be expected but that crimes of violence will sometimes occur: they are, however, happily not common.

A few months before my visit, a circumstance took place which caused great excitement. In order to relieve the distresses of the Christian poor, it is customary for collections to be made

among the merchants of the various European nations, and considerable sums are thus subscribed. It happened that the larger portion of this fund was in the hands of the Austrian consul, together with other money intended for charitable purposes. One of the servants of the consulate was met and accosted by a man of respectable appearance, who, claiming to be his countryman (a Milanese), entered into conversation as to the difficulty of obtaining good employment in Smyrna. The servant expressed his satisfaction with his present position, when the other replied, that it might be made a good one if he knew how to take advantage of it. This produced further inquiries, and the result of this apparently chance interview was, that the servant, after a short acquaintance with his "countryman," agreed to aid in robbing the consulate, and undertook to show the other conspirators where the money just alluded to was kept.

A day or two before the intended burglary, the consul, who had been much pleased with the general good behaviour and intelligence of the servant in question, expressed to him his satisfaction, raised

him to a more important post, and increased his wages. Never was an act of kindness more opportune. The man threw himself on his knees before his master, confessed his guilt, and added that he had furnished impressions in wax of all the keys that he could obtain belonging to the house. The consul was thunderstruck; but a little reflection showed him that the best atonement the penitent criminal could make would be to defeat the plan in which he had been a sharer. This he willingly undertook to do, and a sufficient number of *cavasses* were introduced to overpower the malefactors when they should appear. The money was removed to a place of safety, and preparations made to receive the expected guests. They came, and were admitted. As soon as they were all in the square inner court of the house, they became aware of the unwelcome fact, that instead of gold and silver, they would have to deal with a metallic currency of steel and lead. Resistance was out of the question; the cavasses were two to one, and well armed. One man, the leader of the gang, finding himself betrayed, attempted to escape by climbing the pillars of the verandah,

and getting on to the leaden roof beyond; but he was brought down by a pistol-bullet, and the rest surrendered at discretion. The servant, of course, received a pardon, but it was thought advisable for his own safety to remove him from Smyrna; and in order to be out of the reach of any Levantine *mala gente,* he was sent to Milan.

The environs of Smyrna are pre-eminently beautiful. Many of the villages around are chiefly occupied by European merchants who live in villas much in the style of their respective countries. The roads to these suburban retreats, usually from four to six miles distant, are considered wonderful there, and I have seen in some very remote uncultivated parts of England, parish roads not more than fifty per cent. better; but I am inclined to think that they were indicted by the proper authorities. Here, nobody went by the road who could go any other way, and for a considerable part of the distance to Bournabat, the regular road was only used to cross from one gap in the hedge to another in order to ride or walk through the fields. We went one day over the caravan-bridge to the village just named. Where-

ever we turned our eyes, it was to rest them upon some new beauty; the luxuriance of the foliage, the exquisite purple of the mountains, the clear blue of the sky, not burning and blazing as in less-favoured countries under the same parallel of latitude, but chequered with white and golden clouds—the fresh breezes from the sea, the fragrance of innumerable flowers, the hum of the wild bee, and the feeling of exhilaration produced by cantering over fine fresh turf, made that day one long to be remembered.

At Bournabat we found a kind of country khan, where we dined, and the place being much patronised by the English, we had no difficulty in obtaining bottled stout and pale-ale. The dinner which was provided consisted of fish and chickens, both very good; but as we, not expecting such accommodation, had brought cold fowl and bottled-ale with us, we had a superabundance more satisfactory to our servants than to ourselves. It seems to be a general rule in all places frequented by Europeans, in Turkey or Greece, to charge for everything that the traveller *ought* to have—if he does not take it, the fault is his. Thus, at the

hotels the charge made is from two to two-and-a-half or three dollars per diem. If you dine every day with your friends, you pay all the same, for you might dine at the table-d'hôte if it so pleased you. In such places as Athens, Constantinople, or Smyrna, this rule ought to be altered.

Smyrna has obtained an unenviable notoriety as a plague-stricken city, and many people in Europe fancy the climate unhealthy; this is far from being the case. It would be difficult to find a finer, a more agreeable, or a more wholesome climate than that of Smyrna, and indeed, of Asia Minor in general. It is hot, but not oppressively so by the seashore; and saving when the plague makes its appearance, the mortality here is less than in most parts of the Levant. When we first arrived at Smyrna, the city was filled with terror-stricken fugitives from the country; a fever which terminated fatally in about twenty-four hours, had absolutely depopulated the country around. It created far more alarm than either plague or cholera, for it was a new visitation: no one knew what to call it or how to treat it. All the corn

crops were left standing, for the villagers were swept away by hundreds, and no one dared take their places and venture into the infected neighbourhood. Proclamation was made by the permission, and I believe, by the advice of the Pacha, that whoever would reap the fields should have half the harvest for his trouble. No one would risk the peril. At length a very rich and most avaricious man—I am sorry to say, a Christian merchant—induced, by the bribe of high wages, a few men to make the attempt. Two days they laboured, but on the third the merchant took the fever, and on the fourth his body was brought to Smyrna in an araba! This strange malady disappeared as suddenly and as mysteriously as it came. A fortnight after this period we rode through the districts which had been most affected, and found the villagers back again at their usual labours.

Boudja, another favourite place of retreat from the bustle and crowd of Smyrna, is beautifully situated; but those who live there, find after a few years that their eyes suffer. This I think to be owing to the non-watering of the road and

the quantity of lime-dust, through clouds of which the inhabitants must pass every time they go to and from the city.

Everybody who visits a Turkish city is taken to the slave-market, and we went accordingly, but there is really nothing to describe. A few Negroes and Negresses, attired in flannel, sit on the ground, looking very contented, and often full of hilarity: opposite them on a box covered with a carpet and furnished with a long pipe, you may see the terrible "dealer in human flesh," but there is nothing in his countenance to cause alarm for the fates of those entrusted to his care. If they are sold into Turkish families, (and Christians, save native Levantines, may not buy them,) their lot will be much improved; they come from a state of savage barbarism, and they will receive good clothing, good food, and unvarying kindness. Nor will the Turks suffer the Levantine Christians to ill-treat their slaves, even if these last were disposed to do so, which is very rarely the case. Two of the Negresses were very anxious that we should buy them, but I told our interpreter to say

that our *Sultan* did not allow *his* people to buy slaves; at which they seemed greatly astonished, and did no doubt in their own minds consider us a very ignorant and uncivilized people, and tyrannized over by a most oppressive sultan. I was malicious enough to point out an American friend, whose sultan, I said, had no objection to buying and selling Negroes, and allowed his subjects to buy as many as they liked.. How *he* explained matters, I do not remember. Here, too, was I initiated into the mysteries of Turkish baths. The baths are better at Constantinople than elsewhere, but the process is the same, and I am rather glad to have seen what the "country gentlemen" of the Turkish empire have to undergo.

There are descriptions without end of eastern "*Hummaums,*" but I never saw one yet that was not "doctored" or "cooked,"—"just to make things pleasant." Nothing can be much rougher than the accommodation in a provincial town. The patient, if I may use the most apt word I can find, is taken into a vast hall with a flat circular dome—this is generally open to the street. Here he denudes himself of his apparel, and is invested

with certain towels; after a while he is put into clogs and falls down flat on his face; then he is picked up and taken into another chamber, where the temperature is high enough to produce profuse perspiration; he is deluged with hot water and soap-suds, is scrubbed with hair-cloth, and his limbs are all pulled till the joints crack. At Smyrna, Allasheher, and other places where I made the experiment, I had abundance of cock-roaches for companions, but I was told that this was of no consequence, for they did not bite. Every now and then the operator assured me that it was "very good;" and if I had ventured to made any reply, he would infallibly have stopped my mouth with soap. One or two Turks were generally undergoing the same penance.

> "And, though the face of Mussulman
> Not oft reveals to passers-by
> The mind within,"

I thought they seemed to be of the same opinion. I cannot say that it is *not* "very good," but I much prefer an European warm bath,—(this Ishmaelitish institution is not a bath, but "a scrub,")—nor did I ever experience that delightful

feeling of repose which is so much vaunted as its consequence. I went to the Hummaums because there were no other baths; but I noticed that in those belonging to the Sultan and his ladies, there were really marble *baths*, places in which the bather might sit or lie down, and taste the luxury of cold or warm water without the intervention of rough towels or horsehair cloths. Turks and Greeks, Armenians and Jews—no, not Jews—seem to use them alike. The Jew controverts most conscientiously the old Pindaric maxim, ἀριστὸν μὲν ὕδωρ, but I have often thought that were the Turks not really a cleanly people, they would be exterminated by the plague and similar fevers. Save in one spot, I noticed no ill odours in the badly-drained Smyrna. In the crowded bazaars the olfactory nerves are rarely annoyed, and nothing can be a more convincing proof of personal cleanliness than this.

The want of Turkish baths is a great evil in Greek cities, and I could have wished at Syra and Corfu for a little Mohammedan absence of hydrophobia. The Greeks of Smyrna are considered the finest of their race; the women are certainly

beautiful: Asia gives them somewhat of that gentleness which distinguishes the higher class in Turkey, softens down the bold, hard, outline prevalent at Athens, touches the eye with a more liquid lustre, and rounds off the form into more feminine proportions. Nor are they addicted to conceal what nature has so bountifully bestowed; they like to sit at windows, and in galleries, and in high places where they may be seen, rightly judging themselves to be highly ornamental in any description of landscape. They have the reputation of being good mothers and good wives, a little too fond, it may be, of admiration, but overbalancing slight faults with many virtues. I was sorry to hear from an intelligent native Greek that many were doomed to single "blessedness," not indeed as nuns, but from want of husbands. The female portion of the Greek Smyrniots far outnumber the lords of creation; and my informant said:—

"Suppose girl have no money, no one look at her!"

"But are there not poor men to marry poor women?"

"Poor man want money more than rich man; he look out for wife to help him; what become of childer—man no money—wife no money?"

"Had your wife any fortune when you married her?"

"Yes, of course; her father great butcher; she have two houses; we live in half one, let the other three halves; a French doctor have the two top rooms of my house—pay me 2,000 piastres a-year. I let the rest in same way. My two daughters will have money—not much—not for banker or merchant, but enough to marry good tradesman, perhaps butcher."

"Well, but if a girl be very beautiful, does not that make some difference?"

"Bah! what pretty face do? Childer don't eat pretty face."

From this it will be seen that house-rent in Smyrna is high; two rooms at the top of a house, in an indifferent situation, producing about twenty pounds sterling per annum. To be sure, the top is the best of the house, and the higher you go, the higher you pay.

It was our intention to start from Smyrna to

the seat of the Seven Churches, and any other interesting places that our somewhat limited time would allow us to visit, and we had necessarily to make some considerable preparations. In Asia Minor there are no coaches, no gigs, no post-chaises, in many parts no roads! You have your choice between a horse, an ass, a mule or a camel. The best way is to engage with some trustworthy person, who takes on him the duty of supplying horses and provisions and beds and resting-places and servants, and to pay all demands made by the Turkish authorities, and to obtain an escort when and where necessary. This may be done for about 120 piastres a-day each person, but sometimes more is required. We agreed for 140, and we started with a dragoman and cook and two suridjees. Six horses were necessary, for we certainly took more luggage than we had any business with. Then, again, two Americans went with us for a part of our route. One, a gentleman of pleasing manners and address, a colonel in the American army, and one of the most strikingly handsome men I ever saw. He was about fifty years of age, and rejoiced in a white beard and

moustache that excited the envy of every Moslem we met. The attention they paid to the *Bimbashi* by reason of his beard was really amusing. His stores of western information added much to the pleasure of our expedition, and it was with much regret that we found it impossible to prevail on him to go further with us. He and his friend, of whom more hereafter, had their dragoman and cook, their suridjees and their six horses, so that we made an imposing cavalcade as we left Smyrna on our way to Ephesus.

But this was not to be done in a hurry.

First we had to secure our means of going at all. We had, as we supposed, engaged a guide and made our contract, but he was induced to give us up and addict himself to the Americans because they promised to engage him for three months and to take him to Jerusalem, a route which he said he knew, but I very much doubted the fact. He recommended to us a friend of his own, and told us, as did also the person recommended, that the English consul knew all about him. Our success with that worthy has already been described, but Mr. Mille assuring us that we might

place confidence in the man, we arranged with him, and had a regular contract drawn up and stamped at the consulate. Then there were Turkish boots to be got to save ourselves from wet when crossing rivers, saddle bags to hold the antiquities which I intended to discover, and the eagles, antelopes, and jackals which M—— purposed to shoot; a selection to be made of useful apparel, leaving out the white cravats and lavender gloves which our friends in England had provided for us in case we should get into good company among the Turcomans, a *teshkeré* to be obtained from the Pacha in case of our wanting "aid and protection" as passports say, pistols and ammunition to render such aid needless, sketching materials, soda powders, matches, and a small writing case, with a plentiful supply of half piastre pieces.

All these necessaries being at last fairly stowed away, we left Smyrna at about half-past two on an autumn afternoon, and proceeded towards Sedikeni. It is not uncommon for travellers who go in this direction to sleep the first night at this village, which is about five or six miles from Smyrna, and there are many inducements to do

so, but we wished to push onward a little further, and determined to rest for the night at a cafenet called Trianda. This is a little out of the direct road to Ephesus, or rather does not lie the nearest way to that place, but it makes a better division of the distance than the straighter line allows; and to go round by the coast, although the traveller obtains a sight of one or two interesting relics of antiquity, is much longer and more tedious, and not always very safe.

Night travelling is very little encouraged by the Turks. If a party is benighted the road guard takes charge of them, and escorts them to the next cafenet or station, requiring, as is very reasonable, a moderate fee for such protection; and to those not prepared to encamp in the open air there is but little choice; the cafenets, villages, or stations are too far apart to leave it a matter of option whether you will stay at one or the other, and the accommodations are nearly alike in all.

We rode on Turkish saddles, very much like the old demipique, which is much less agreeable to the rider than the English saddle, inasmuch as it throws the whole body more forward, and allows

little scope for motion or change of position. Besides this, it is very high, takes up more space, is more than three times the weight of those in use at home, and throws the knees out in a manner which speedily becomes painful to those not accustomed to use it. The stirrup is a kind of shovel with a sharp edge, used sometimes as a spur, but which is a formidable, not to say a cruel weapon. Mounted on this tower-like seat, and armed with whips of rhinoceros hide, we set out on our pilgrimage, and soon left the domes and minarets of Smyrna behind us.

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CHAPTER VI.

COUNTRY AROUND SMYRNA—SEDEKEUI—OVERTAKEN BY DARKNESS—CARAVANS—STRINGS OF CAMELS—TURKISH WOMEN ON CAMELS—RIDERS ON ASSES—CIVILITY OF THE PEOPLE—SALUTATIONS—YOUNG CAMELS—WOUNDED CAMEL—SKELETONS—DOGS—ARRIVE AT TRIANDA—RIVERS CROSSED—THE ANCIENT HALESUS—KHAN OR CAFENET—THE PLACE ALL OCCUPIED—CAPTAIN RALLI—COURTEOUS RECEPTION—PREPARATION FOR REST—SUDDEN DISTURBANCE—SCOLOPENDRA—QUIET RESTORED—HOWLING OF JACKALS—TORTOISES BY THE WAYSIDE—METROPOLIS—APPROACH TO EPHESUS.

THE singular beauty of the country about Smyrna has been already mentioned. We did not see it to great advantage on the afternoon that we left that city, for the sky was overcast, and it threatened to rain. Fortunately for us the weather cleared up a little before night.

We left Sedikeui to the right, and took an inland direction, crossing the Meles, a small rivulet, spanned by a bridge of three arches, and entered an extensive plain. The hills about

Sedikeui are said to abound in wild beasts. Leopards and hyænas are sometimes seen, the tiger is not entirely unknown, and I have been told that a lion has been shot a few miles from the place. From all that I could gather, I should think that the appearance of anything more formidable than the leopard is rare. This beast makes havoc among the flocks, but is not often known to attack a man. It was with some feeling of romance that we found ourselves journeying through a country where leopards and tigers claim a native home, and where the jackal makes himself disagreeably evident every night, where the eagle soars majestically above, and the tortoise lies basking in the road below. Serpents too, and some of a venomous kind, are natives of this land, and scorpions and scolopendras are to be found in every old house. In no part of the world is the hornet so common, and nowhere does the locust attain so great a size or commit more extensive ravages. So says natural history; but on the same authority we learn that our own land is beyond all others infested with vipers, and the result of our observation was that in a journey

of some eight hundred miles we never saw either lion, tiger, hyæna or leopard, failed in getting a single shot at even a jackal, never were stung or bitten by anything more terrific than chinches, pulgas and mosquitos, and did not see any serpents save those which we killed. There is very little real danger even in countries where these reptiles are far more common than in Asia Minor; and if they were as much to be feared in reality as they seem to be in description, the finest countries of the world would be but deserts.

As we proceeded, we met many caravans, strings of loaded camels, five or six attached together, and following in regular order, almost with military step. Their pace is slow, about three miles per hour, and horsemen rarely go more than four. The distances are measured all through the country by hours, and if the inquiry is made in camel's hours, the real number of miles is ascertained with tolerable accuracy. The leading camel of each string carries a bell fastened round his neck, and in the clear atmosphere of Anatolia this sound is heard far off, and has a melancholy but yet soothing effect.

Generally, the merchants who travel with their own caravans ride on asses; and it is extremely ludicrous to see a great wooden saddle built up like a tower on the back of some poor little donkey, and a grave solemn Turk sitting upon it, his feet resting on the animal's sides, and a long pipe depending from his sagacious-looking mouth. The contrast between the steed and his rider is complete in all, save the grave dignity which seems to make man and donkey into one strange nondescript animal.

Women are occasionally packed in paniers, two on one ass, sitting across the back of the creature, with their feet in the baskets. In this case they sit side-ways, like our ladies at home, but on all other occasions they bestride their coursers in gentleman-like fashion. The Turcoman women are far from being beautiful. The life of labour and exposure they lead tans and dries the skin, and makes them shrivelled and haggard. They do not affect concealment like the more wealthy Moslem women, for they are much occupied in field-labour, and frequently have no yashmak to hide their faces. If they

wish to be concealed, in this case they must cover their heads, which would be a hindrance to work; and thus we saw little affectation of the kind. Sometimes we passed a kind of canvas tent, of a square form, and stretched on canes above the back of an ass; then we knew by the yellow boots peeping from underneath, and occasionally by the gleam of a black eye through an oval aperture, that some "light of the harem" was passing by. Sometimes two or three such would follow in the train of a caravan, and there would be a milch camel without a load, looking like a privileged beast, conscious that she had nothing to do but to supply a luxury to her mistress.

I suppose few people now give the camel much credit for patience or gentleness; it is, in fact, one of the most vicious of brutes. To see the ceremony of loading and unloading is more than enough to prove this; a keen glance is sufficient. A more surly physiognomy can hardly be devised: he always cries out before he is hurt; the slightest burden excites his discontent, and he groans and whines in a way at once ludicrous and disgusting; yet the Turks obtain a complete mas-

tery over this ill-conditioned animal, and solely by the law of kindness, for he is rarely beaten.

I saw near Akhissar, a camel in a field, left apparently behind by a caravan, and groaning piteously; on going close to him, I found that he had suffered some injury in one of the hind legs, and the leg which had been hurt was painted red. On making inquiries, I found this was a very usual proceeding: the paint was medicated, and the camel was likely to do well. Often we saw the skeleton, sometimes of a camel and sometimes of a horse, lying a little out of the pathway; the jackals had made clean work of it, and what they had left on the bones the ants had finished. Not unfrequently the skeleton looked as if it had been prepared for an anatomical museum.

Each caravan that we passed had a few young camels with it; they carried no burdens, and were much less vicious in appearance than when fully grown. The male camel is much darker in colour than the females and the ox-camels; his head and neck are covered with shaggy hair, and he is more inclined to bite and be restive,

but he is capable of greater labour, and is said to be more attached to his master.

It was while passing through scenery such as we have described, that twilight fell around us, and we found, to our discomfort, that we had taken the wrong path, and were getting into a marsh. Complaint was useless; if, indeed, anybody had been to blame. There was nothing to be done but to ride on. If we came to the river, (the ancient Halesus,) it was easily fordable; if not, we must plash on as we could. Happily, the light of the cafenet gleamed through the darkness, and served as a beacon to guide us on our way. There are several marshy streams near the place; one of these we forded, up to our horses' knees, and found ourselves at the termination of our day's journey. Our party was a large one, and required considerable space. Moreover, neither Englishmen nor Americans like to sleep in heaps on the ground, or in a circle round a fire, like spokes of a wheel, with their feet almost in the embers, which is the Greek way of managing matters; so our disappointment was great to be told that the only room of the house was occupied by a Greek officer and his attend-

ants. I know not what induced me to ask his name—what could his name matter to me?—but I did so, and learned, to my great delight, that it was Captain Ralli. I immediately went to him—he was in the stables looking after his horses—claimed acquaintance with him on the score of knowing some of his relations, and gave him news of his family. He cheerfully divided his small room with our party, and we were, at all events, safe from being washed away by the rain into the swamp.

The place looked sadly agueish, but we made a fire, and comforted ourselves with some schiedam and hot water, which was as acceptable to our new friend as to ourselves. Captain Ralli had been purchasing horses for the Greek cavalry. The best horses fetch from ten to twenty pounds, but very good serviceable hacks may be had at prices varying from three to six, and the Captain had succeeded perfectly to his satisfaction. He spoke English almost without any foreign accent, and was (is, I hope) an elegant and accomplished man. We afterwards renewed our acquaintance with him in Athens.

On five pallets, stretched along two sides of the room, the European part of the guests re-

clined; but not more than half an hour could have elapsed, when we were awakened by a tremendous scream; a light was burning in a sconce, and we saw the Captain standing in the middle of the room, and one of his servants, who had roused us with so unearthly a yell, holding in his hand a pair of tongs, darting towards the bed from which his master had just risen. He plunged the tongs under a cloak rolled up, which had done duty for a pillow, and drew out an enormous scolopendra! The insect must have been fully four inches in length, and had Captain Ralli been bitten by it, he would have suffered much pain and inconvenience; for though rarely, if ever, terminating fatally, the bite of a large scolopendra is attended with a great deal of inflammation and fever. I wished to keep the reptile, and to have brought it to England, and tendered a bottle for the purpose, but my proposal was looked on with horror, almost as great as that with which some people at home regard a protest against capital punishment; so I was obliged to leave it for execution, which was performed by holding it in the flame of the lamp.

Justice was thus satisfied, and the scolopendra favoured with a moral lesson like that which Cowper gave the viper—

> "With that I dash'd his head against the floor,
> And taught him never to come there no more!"

After this we all lay down again, but not with th confidence which we had enjoyed before this awkward discovery. Fatigue, however, overcame apprehension, and nothing else occurred to disturb our slumbers. The shriek of the jackal fell from time to time on our ears, but more and more faintly, till our senses were closed against external impressions. Early in the morning we were awakened by our interpreters; the wooden shutters of the room were flung open, and the radiance of an Asiatic sun poured into the small apartment. Our ablutions were conducted with patriarchal simplicity, and we were soon seated at a comfortable breakfast.

Let me introduce to the reader's acquaintance Johan Karoli, our "guide, interpreter, and cook," a Smyrniote Greek, but as rigidly honest a man as though he had been named Mustapha, and

traced his descent to the Prophet. "Gentlemans must get up—long ride to Ephesus. Ham and eggs ready, and coffee. Good breakfast make ride quick."

Camp stools and portable tables had been brought with us, and canteens, so that breakfast was laid out in a strikingly English style; and a little quince jelly, for which Smyrna is celebrated, and which is equal to the best guava that ever came from the West, finished our repast. Tin cups were our substitute for glasses, and a very poor insufficient substitute they are; but in all other respects we were enabled to fare sumptuously every day. By eight o'clock, an hour and a half too late, we were in the saddle, and crossing again a tributary branch of the Halesus, turned our steps towards Tourbali.

The country is undulating; plains covered with vergreens, among which the myrtle abounds, and distant hills tinged with that peculiar hue which I have never seen in Europe, marked the day's journey. Tmolus gave its blue ridges as a boundary on the left, and Messogis spread its deeper purple before us. The Turks call the

former Kisilja Musa Dagh, and the latter Kestane Dagh. About three hours' sharp riding brought us to Yenikeui, near which are, or rather were, the ruins of the ancient Metropolis. Now there remain nothing but the traces of a theatre, from which the steps are removed, a few fragments of columns built into the wall of a more modern fortification, and a part of the Acropolis.

Metropolis was once a city of considerable importance, and perhaps if excavations were made here, the results might be valuable. We got a glance of the Pegasæan lake, considerably dried up by the recent heats, and at no time much more than a swampy marsh, and soon saw darkly frowning before us the castle of Ephesus. By the roadside M—— noticed a fine tortoise basking on a sunny bank, and dismounted to secure him, intending to bring him to England, and to call him "the Ephesian." Alas! his journey was no further than to Thyatira. Karoli found him troublesome in the saddle-bags, and at the fourth of the seven churches he walked over the tiles, to settle, I suppose, as an emigrant.

CHAPTER VII.

OBJECT OF JOURNEY—PLAN OF NARRATION—SEVEN CHURCHES—CHURCHES EXTINCT AT THE TIME OF THE APOCALYPSE—ARRIVAL AT EPHESUS—VILLAGE OF AYASALUK—ANCIENT STATE OF THE CITY—MOUNT PRION—TEMPLE OF DIANA—WORSHIP OF DIANA—THE IMAGE THAT FELL DOWN FROM JUPITER—ST. PAUL AT EPHESUS—KHAN—SARACENIC MOSQUE—BATHS—THE SEVEN SLEEPERS—CELLS FOR WILD BEASTS—APOCALYPTIC EPISTLE TO THE CHURCH AT EPHESUS—ITS INNER SENSE.

I DETERMINED on arriving at Smyrna, that in examining the remains of the celebrated "Seven Churches," I would regard them with especial reference to the Apocalyptic vision, because not only is this the most interesting light in which the Christian can look upon them, but because the Spirit addresses them in an order different from that in which it is convenient for the traveller to visit them; and this order is necessary to be observed by those who would rightly understand the import of the message to each.

Setting out from the magnificent metropolis of Asia Minor, the order in which St. John speaks to the seven churches is a strictly geographical

one: it is as though the epistles were to be delivered in due course, and the messenger leaving Ephesus proceeded northwards along the coast to Smyrna; from Smyrna still northward across the Lydian boundary into Mysia, till he reaches Pergamos, the once splendid capital of Attalus. Entering Lydia again, and proceeding in a south-easterly direction across the Caicus, the mountain chain of Temnus, and the river Hyllus, he arrives at Thyatira. From hence his road is almost due south to Sardis. South-east by east he advances along the banks of the Cogamos till the snowy heights of Mount Tmolus appear to the right, and Philadelphia rises before him. South-east still he proceeds, crosses the ridge of Mount Messogis, till the then great city of Laodicea brings him to the termination of his pilgrimage. From hence three days' easy travelling takes him back to Ephesus.

The question has been frequently asked, Why seven churches only are mentioned,—and why these particular seven are chosen? There was the Church of the Galatians, to which St. Paul addressed an epistle. The Church of the Colossians, equally distinguished. There was a church at

Hierapolis, another at Miletus, a third at Tralles, a fourth at Magnesia—and all these, save that to the Galatians, were within the line drawn round those actually addressed. So that we should naturally expect to hear, not of the seven churches in Asia, but even in that very district, of the twelve. A glance first at the map, and then at the page of history, will unravel this paradox. Laodicea, Hierapolis, and Colossæ, will be found to be very near together, and in a district peculiarly liable to earthquakes. All three were destroyed by one in the reign of Tiberius. The Apocalypse is generally allowed to have been written in the reign of Domitian, so that we are not to expect any one of these cities to be addressed. But Laodicea *is* addressed, and accordingly we find that of the three that city alone rose speedily from its ruins, and that the public spirit of the inhabitants was so great that they restored their city at their own cost, not calling on the Roman treasury for aid. Thus we see how the date of the Apocalypse is borne out by this circumstance. But the twelve cities are now reduced only by *two*. What becomes of Miletus,

Tralles, and Magnesia? This question remains to be solved; and the only satisfactory way of meeting the difficulty is to admit the principle of selection; these churches had only a general interest in the message, the seven chosen had one more particular.

The modern traveller proceeds from Smyrna as his starting point, and the most convenient order of march is to Ephesus, Laodicea, Philadelphia, Sardis, Thyatira, and Pergamos. A little *détour* here and there will permit him to visit Metropolis, Magnesia on the Meander, Tralles, Nysa, Antioch in Caria, Colossæ, Hierapolis, Tripolis, Temnus, and Magnesia on the Hermus. Miletus, too, will occupy but a day more, and is worthy of the delay. But in relating the incidents of our own tour, I shall observe the apostolic order, on account of the connexion between the messages of the Spirit, viewed more particularly with regard to their esoteric or inner sense. We have gone hitherto as far on our journey together as Ephesus. We rambled a little about the ruins on the night of our arrival, noted the few houses surrounded by a wall, itself a ruin, and heard afar

off the shriek of the jackal, while we prepared to retire for the night.

The khan which we occupied was clean and free from vermin. All Turkish khans are more or less alike, and this one may as well be described as a specimen of its class. Round a spacious court runs a gallery with chambers ranged along it, having shutters to the windows, but rarely glass; along the wall, and about eighteen inches from the ground, and surrounding the room on three sides, or two at least, is a shelf or ledge, from two to two and a-half feet in breadth, on which cushions are spread, and on which the Turk sits cross-legged, smoking his pipe, and enjoying the luxury of contemplation. At night, a rug in addition makes this divan a bed, and those who have been twelve or fourteen hours in the saddle can generally sleep without requiring any softer couch.

This was the form in which our own inns were anciently built, save that the divan was absent. The Tabard in Southwark stood as an example of this style but a short time ago; and in some parts of the country are still to be found ancient "hostel-

ries" in which the same arrangement may be seen. The practice is, that the khangee or innkeeper finds a room for the traveller, but nothing more. As in the Spanish *posada*, he is expected "to find himself." Since, however, all Orientals of rank travel with servants of every class, this difficulty is a small one. The poor who are obliged to travel,—and these are very few,—do as they would at home, and thus the key of his room being delivered to each traveller, he has a temporary house, which he furnishes from his horse-pack or camel load. Many of these khans are built by Government, and are free, save a small fee to the khangee. In others, the rooms are paid for, but always at a moderate rate. That at Ephesus, or rather Ayasaluk, is not calculated to lodge a numerous company; we, however, found room enough, as our party were the only guests.

Early the next morning we began our investigations. Turning to the right from our khan, we passed through a kind of lane, with a few inhabited houses on one side, and ruins on the other. The ruins were Saracenic or Turkish, probably the former, and one building had been

intended for baths,—the domed roof, the structure of the interior, all indicated this, and I think it had been probably a part of some great house, being clearly too small for public accommodation.

A little further on, we came to an edifice really worthy of admiration—the old Saracenic mosque. The front is cased with white marble,—so say some,—but, excepting here and there where a projecting portion exhibits a fracture and an internal surface of small red brick, I see no reason for believing it to be merely cased. There are some parts evidently solid. The flooring is of the same material, and old Ephesus is too conveniently near to make marble a rarity. The façade is regular, but I need not describe it, for I took a sketch of it on the spot, and a plate representing it forms the frontispiece to this volume. The steps to the principal entrance are supported by ancient fragments, among which, as represented in the plate, a conspicuous place is occupied by what at first I thought to be a sarcophagus. A little further investigation led me to change this opinion, for M—— pointed out that it was bored

at two corners, and had been, in all probability, a bath.

On entering, we found ourselves in a square court, with what had been a fountain; and opposite to this, and on the right side of one entering from the principal gateway, is the entrance to the mosque. Some writers say that this has been a church, and offer the following account of its pedigree. It was, they affirm, built chiefly out of the relics of the Temple of Diana. When the church was by the Turks turned into a mosque, an additional court was built, and the fountain added. To all which it is sufficient to reply, that the unity of the plan speaks for itself, and the niche of the mihrab, which is in the very centre of the further wall, turns towards Mecca. It was therefore built for a mosque. The interior has been highly adorned, and is still beautifully proportioned. Some of the columns may possibly have been taken from the Temple of Diana, and it is equally possible that they may have supported a Christian church in the intervening period. A great number of exquisite fragments, both of Christian and pagan art, are built

into the walls. The niche of the mihrab is of white marble, profusely adorned with carving, and the canopy above is of illuminated tiles. These have a delicate appearance seen from below, but when examined more closely, are found to be but of coarse workmanship. Above the gateway rises the minaret, now only a fragment; it is of fine red brickwork, and the gallery has been supported by slight bracket-like buttresses.

On leaving the mosque, and returning towards the khan, we passed a tobacco plantation. Our American friend, Colonel Willoughby, pronounced the tobacco to be of a very fine kind, and selected a few blossoms as a memorial of the place. I have been told that the country about Tipperary and Limerick will produce the same kind of tobacco in great perfection, and it is certainly one of the most profitable of crops. Cotton, too, was bursting its pods, and of these I brought away a few specimens. Before leaving the mosque I descended into a kind of crypt, but my investigations were brought to an abrupt termination by a sharp hiss, indicating a kind of company with which I was by no means desirous to be more closely acquainted.

When we returned to the Khan, previously to visiting the ruins of the ancient Ephesus, I found a venerable figure waiting to see me, with a bag of copper coins. I looked anxiously for some specimens of the coins which exhibit the temple and "the image which fell down from Jupiter," but in vain; those brought to me were small pieces (middle and third brass), mostly of the Lower Empire, and of no value above the metal of which they were composed. I asked, rather out of curiosity than with any desire to possess them, what might be the price, and the fortunate finder of the treasure, stroking his beard, and determining not to be on the wrong side, said, one hundred piastres. I told him that I did not want the coins, but that their utmost value was about one piastre and a half! an observation which he seemed to look on as a personal insult, for he withdrew without speaking a word. He afterwards obtained fifteen piastres for them from an American, who had fixed himself on the colonel, and to whom I had told the true value. These treasures were soon packed up, and we sallied forth to view the remains, if such they be, of the mighty Temple of Diana.

The worship of the Ephesian goddess was very different from that of "the Sylvan Huntress." The latter was the patroness of virginity, and her statues exhibit her as having arrived at that period when as yet the passions are not awakened, and the bodily frame, just arriving at maturity, seeks the excitement of strong and long-continued exertion. Such, indeed, was the deity represented by the Greek sculptors, and they embodied in their Artemis this period of female life, as in their Aphrodite that of tender passionate languor, and in their Hera that of mature and matronly dignity.

The Diana of the Ephesians was a widely different goddess; she presents us with the impersonation of the all-sustaining, all-nourishing power of nature. Her image was that of a woman with many breasts, but with the lower parts bound together so as to appear a bust standing on a pedestal. Sometimes she is depicted covered with animals of every class, and generally her office and character is prominently marked. Like Cybele, she is the "mighty mother," and her worship in many respects assimilates to that of the Deûm Mater. At Hierapolis, in Syria, she

was especially worshipped; and we shall show reason by-and-by to believe that Hierapolis in Phrygia was the seat of a similar cult.

It was to this goddess that Ephesus was especially devoted—claimed peculiarly the title of temple-keeper, and stamped upon her coins the image of both fane and deity. Round a temple whose front is hexastyle, and surmounted by a pediment, run the words ΕΦΕΣΙΩΝ ΝΕΩΚΟΡΩΝ: and between the central pillars of the edifice stands the figure of the heaven-descended. This is a coin extremely common as well as extremely interesting. The word *νεωκόρος* is the very word used in the Acts (xix. 35), and which is in our version very inadequately rendered "worshipper;" and here we have those never-failing witnesses, the coins of the period, repeating the very title, and giving their attestation to the accuracy of St. Luke's report.

The traveller can scarcely bring himself to believe that the few huts of Ayasalook now represent the once splendid city of Ephesus, and that no small amount of conjecture is necessary to define the site of the far-famed temple in which was

worshipped the image that fell down from Jupiter; an image of ebony or olive wood, and which when dressed, as recorded, in richly embroidered robes, must have looked very much like some of the equally idolatrous figures of the Virgin to be seen in continental churches.

The temple of Diana was commenced under the direction of Ctesiphon of Crete, and his son, Metagenes, 541 years before the Christian era, and its construction occupied two hundred and twenty years. In it were exhibited the sculpture of Praxiteles, the paintings of Apelles, and the master-pieces of every one of the greatest artists of antiquity. After its sanctity had been respected for ages it was plundered, first by Nero, subsequently by the Goths, and finally destroyed in a manner that history has failed accurately to record. The celebrated Mosque of St. Sophia is indebted to it for the beautiful columns of green jasper that support the dome, and in the church of Pisa are two pillars having the same origin. The stadium of Ephesus remains in fair preservation, and the ruins of the theatre, into which, after the preaching of St. Paul, the people rushed, shout-

ing, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" present an aspect of imposing desolation.

The decline of Ephesus has not alone resulted from the effects of war and political change, but from the physical deterioration of its site. In ancient times it had a practicable port, but the deposits from the river Cayster have converted it into a pestilential swamp, and the sea has retreated.

Near Ayasalook, whose name signifies the "City of the Moon," and remarkably perpetuates the remembrance of the worship of the Ephesians, is the curious hill, Mount Prion, from which was derived an exhaustless supply of marble that served for the building of the temple, and the decoration of the city. There is an old tradition, that the marble was discovered by a shepherd who watched two cows fighting, and saw a piece of marble struck off the rock by an accidental blow from the horns of one of the combatants. He took his specimen and his discovery into the city, and thus very cheaply obtained the honours of sacrifice and canonization. In Mount Prion Timothy, whose body was subsequently removed

to the church of the Apostles at Constantinople, was first buried; the mountain, probably from its dryness, was remarkable for its preservation of the bodies of the dead. In the side next the city may still be seen the oven-shaped tombs into which they used to be placed.

Among these is still exhibited a cave, said to be that in which the "Seven Sleepers" passed their præternatural slumber,—the period of persecution. The youths in question (whose names the legend has preserved) fled to this cave in the time of the Decian slaughters, accompanied by their dog. They fell asleep, and this sleep was miraculously continued till the period of persecution was passed, and the empire had long been Christian. It was in the time of Theodosius that they awoke, and, stimulated by hunger, they resolved to brave the danger of the act, and went into the town to buy provisions. Their strange speech and dress, the ancient coin they offered in payment, excited astonishment: but how was this astonishment increased when the truth appeared. The Turks believe religiously in this story; and if they wish to imply that any one

is of a peculiarly morose and churlish disposition, they say not unfrequently of him, "He would not throw a bone to the dog of the seven sleepers."

There is a bas-relief built into the inner wall of the western tower of the castle, but which is difficult of access; it is of marble, three feet long, and two wide. On one side is a tree, which resembles a weeping willow, and on the other a cypress; a serpent twines around the willow, and between the two trees are five persons: one of them, of larger stature than the others, is reclining on a bed, the draperies of which are sculptured with considerable taste. The other four persons are standing before the couch. On one side is a pillar, on which stands an urn. There was a mutilated Greek inscription below the marble, but it is unhappily illegible; it would doubtless have explained the meaning of the group so finely executed. But in the absence of the inscription a meaning has been sought, and probably discovered. The fame of Hippocrates, the great physician of Coos, at one time filled all the Greek Archipelago, and the countries of Asia Minor. Æsculapius had temples every-

where, for mankind everywhere paid homage to the healing power; and it is thought that the bas-relief in question belonged once to a temple of Æsculapius, and that in remembrance of his cure, some grateful patient had placed this votive offering on one of the altars of the god of medicine. On the other hand it may have been a monumental tablet, like those of which so large a number are preserved in the temple of Theseus at Athens. On one side of the marble had been sculptured the cypress, as the emblem of that death which had threatened to overshadow him with its gloom, and on the other appeared the serpent, as the symbol of that skill which had saved him; the whole fragment is characterised by the genius of antiquity.

Ephesus is full of remembrances of the first ages of Christianity. We are powerfully reminded of St. Paul, that great apostle chosen by the Lord to confound the professors of the Jewish religion, to convert the Pagan world, and train the rising Christianity. Ananias heard in a vision the word of the Lord, desiring him to arise and meet Paul (or Saul), "for he is a chosen vessel unto me, to

bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel." So that when Paul arrived in the city of Diana, where she was worshipped with the highest honours, he had already preached the word of God throughout Macedonia, and in many of the provinces of Asia Minor.

For three months Paul preached the doctrine of Jesus Christ freely in the synagogue of Ephesus; and though the uproar which finally ensued is of course well known to every reader, yet the *cause* of that uproar is worth repeating in this place, where we are recording the *ruins* of Ephesus.

A goldsmith, named Demetrius, made models of the Temple of Diana, and images of the goddess, a commerce which had hitherto brought him much profit: but as Christianity gained ground, he perceived that idolatry must lose its influence; his trade probably began to decline, and the goldsmith in consequence excited the artificers and the crowd against the apostle.

"You see and hear," cried Demetrius, "that not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they be no gods which are made

with hands; so that not only this our craft is in danger to be set at nought, but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence should be destroyed, whom all Asia and the world worshippeth."

And Demetrius for the moment carried his point, for there was a dreadful uproar among the people; Paul wished to address them, but the disciples prevented him from so doing for fear of his incurring danger; and when Alexander would have spoken, all the people shouted for two hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

In the description of this noise and uproar it is impossible not to see and feel that the goldsmith of Ephesus and his fellow-citizens were exceedingly like the world of our own time.

When Paul began to preach, he, Demetrius, gave little heed; the doctrine of Jesus Christ was as diametrically opposed to the "great goddess" at first as at last, but as long as the goldsmith sold his golden shrines, what cared he? But when his profits began to decline, then "their craft was in danger," and for decency's sake he added, "her temple and her worship also." However,

all was useless; vainly did they wish to preserve the heathen temple and the heathen worship; these are crumbled into dust; when—oh when will the cross resume its influence in those regions where it first was preached!

Some cells yet remain, in which wild beasts were confined. St. Paul reminds the Corinthians that he too had fought with beasts at Ephesus, and the mind flies back at once to those long past days, and returns with gratitude to our own happier era.

These countries and places are all memorable in the annals of Christianity. How do Smyrna, Philadelphia, Laodicea, Ephesus, and other cities, mingle their names and recollections with the first ages of the Gospel! Who can visit these spots, and not revert in idea to the great struggle between Heathenism and Christianity, which took place in these very cities nearly two thousand years ago, when the worshippers of the pagan gods opposed the terrors of their power, and the horrors of torture, to the meek followers of the religion taught by Jesus Christ and his Apostles; the one armed with all the insignia and all the reality of

Roman might, the others only with their pure and steadfast faith? And now look around,—the splendours of paganism are crumbled into ruin! Not a country, not a city, where the Christian martyrs have met their fate, that has not been visited by a doom still direr; for the martyr rose from the scene of his torture to a sphere of heavenly happiness, while the sword, the fire, the wild beast, and pestilence, have held sway over the once proud abodes of the persecutors.

The Fathers of the Church in the first ages of Christianity, boldly raised their voice in the midst of these voluptuous populations. They preached the Saviour dying on the cross before the temples of the heathen divinities; and, as every province and city in Asia Minor has its own traditions relating to the distant epoch of the establishment of the Gospel, so around Ephesus we chiefly find recollections of the Virgin Mary and St. John.

Tradition says that St. John, the beloved disciple, forty years after the death of our Saviour, flying from persecution, came to Ephesus with Mary. As St. Chrysostom has well remarked, "John had most tenderness; to him, therefore, Jesus

confided his mother: Peter was the most ardent and zealous; to him, therefore, Jesus confided his Church."

There is something inexpressibly affecting, as well as striking, when we imagine Mary the mother of our Saviour a fugitive in Asia Minor, after the awful scene of the crucifixion, and seeking an asylum in Ionia, where stood the most magnificent temples of those gods so soon to fall before the Cross! She who had been chosen for her simplicity and purity became an inhabitant of the city of Ephesus, equally remarkable for its licentiousness! After her death, John was taken to Rome, by order of Domitian; and after being plunged into boiling oil, and, as tradition adds, taken out unhurt, he was exiled to Patmos, where he wrote the Apocalypse; and when the Christian exiles were recalled by Nerva, John returned to Ephesus, whence he governed the Churches of Asia. It was at Ephesus he died, but we vainly seek his tomb.

It was during this portion of his life that the Apostle had the pain of seeing the heresy of Cerinthus making progress around him. Gentle and affectionate as was his character, he deeply

resented as well as deeply mourned the obstinacy of those who denied the divinity of his beloved Lord; and he is said to have declared that he would not enter the baths while any such were within the building, lest the judgment of God should fall on all alike, and crush them in one common ruin.

It is not my intention to enlarge on the message of the Spirit to the church at Ephesus, beyond noting what has been called the esoteric meaning, or inner sense which it conveys. Many ancient writers have expended much perverse ingenuity in extracting meanings from Scripture which Scripture was never intended to convey; and I fear the race of such writers is not even yet entirely extinct.

But I think that no one can attentively read the Apocalypse, regarding it as closing the sacred canon, and prohibiting, under awful penalties, the assumption in favour of any later writing of equal or similar authority, without being persuaded that somewhat more is meant in these seven epistles than merely to warn or to encourage these particular churches, or even to set

them forth as an example for all time. The vast importance of the subjects treated, the difficulty of understanding literally many parts of the book, and the absolute certainty that some parts cannot be so understood; the intentional perplexity in which the chronology is invested, and the command given to *all* to hear, while few, if any, can literally comprehend, give the student a more than usual right to seek for some inner or spiritual sense, and to believe that this inner sense will run with somewhat of continuity throughout the book. It has, then, been suggested that the messages to the Seven Churches signify, prophetically, seven periods in the history of the Christian Church, plainly to be discovered by their predicted signs, and each of which, in turn, may be taught, warned, or encouraged, by the peculiar words addressed to itself. It may be argued that the events of the Church's history eminently favour such an interpretation; and the more so, if they be understood as Protestant commentators would be most likely to explain them. Then, again, others have maintained that the seven messages are applicable to seven periods in

the spiritual life of the Christian; and though these periods, as described by the recording Evangelist, do not all find their accomplishment in all believers, yet some do in all cases, and all do in some.

I would ask—If either of these suggestions be adopted, why not both?—each may be pursued with profit; there is no need of straining or forcing the meaning of Scripture in either; and we have thus a clue to three separate applications of this most interesting portion of Holy Writ;—one exoteric, and referring to the Seven Churches of Asia exclusively and literally, but capable of general application in similar cases; one esoteric and prophetic, applying to the universal Church, and predicting its fate; and a third, esoteric and spiritual, relating to, and explaining the divine life in the soul. It does not follow that we are to take the *whole* history of the Church as predicted in these seven messages, any more than the *whole* history of *every* Christian. We have seven distinct periods and seven distinct states, and have no right to force the meaning further than its obvious application.

I make these remarks here once for all, because I purpose to notice, briefly, these esoteric meanings under the head of each of the seven; and I confess it seems to me that the number seven is selected with reference to some such hermeneutic principle; for otherwise, since, besides those Churches already noticed, there were, doubtless, other congregations of Christians in that part of Asia Minor peculiarly called Asia to distinguish it from Pontus, these Churches would have had a claim to notice. I take, then, these SEVEN as *selected* on account of their peculiar circumstances, to show forth "things to come."

Ephesus, then, the first in rank and dignity as well as in order of the seven, is addressed by One who walketh among the seven golden candlesticks, and who holdeth the seven stars in his right hand, *i. e.* by the Lord and Ruler of the Churches, who sustains and supports their ministers, and who is present in the midst of his people, as well to strengthen their faith as to note their deflections. The first Church must denote the first period of the general history of the universal Church; a period when wonders

and miracles were predominant; when faith was fervent, (for fervency is the meaning of the very word Ephesus;) when there was no sympathy with "the unfruitful works of darkness," but they were "rather reproved;" and when the slightest approach to false doctrine was regarded with a holy jealousy. But, alas! this period is not of equal brilliancy throughout; there is a decaying of that fervent zeal; a dying out of that first love; and there is an earnest warning to repent and do the first works.

The beginning of this period is easy enough to identify; it is the commencement of the whole history, and comprehends all the time that elapsed prior to great and general persecutions, probably down to the reign of Nero. Alas! that in so short a period there should be a visible declension.

We pass to the second esoteric meaning. The Ephesian period in the history of the individual believer, is that in which he is first made sensible of his interest in Christ. He is filled with a holy joy and fervour. He hates even the garment spotted by the flesh. He feels vividly his

dependence on heavenly power, and rejoices in his privileges; but, alas! he is frail and mortal. The world has still some power, and his first zeal, his first fervour of love, decays. To him, then, comes the voice of warning, and he will do well if he takes the solemn words to heart—"He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches."

It would be easy to pursue this subject, but I am not writing a commentary; I mean, if spared, to do this. But we must now return to the history of Ephesus.

The history of Ephesus may be deduced from a period of remote antiquity. It is recorded that Mount Prion had in former times been called Lepre Acte; and a part of the country behind Prion was still called the Back of Lepre, when Strabo wrote. The district named Smyrna was situated between Lepre, or Prion, and Tracheia, on the mountain side above Corissus. Soon after the arrival of the Ionians under Androclus, they invaded and took possession of the island of Samos, and being undetermined where to fix their abode, they consulted an oracle, from whom, it is said, they

received the following reply: "That a fish should show them and a wild hog conduct them."

It happened that some fishermen were breakfasting near the sacred port, and during the repast, as the fable relates, a fish leaping from the fire with a coal, fell on some chaff, which igniting, the flames communicated to a thicket, and disturbed a wild hog lying in it. The animal ran over great part of the Tracheia, and was killed with a javelin, on the spot where afterwards the Athenæum, or temple of Minerva, was erected. The Ionians, leaving Samos, built their city on Tracheia, and founded a temple of Diana by their Agora, or market-place, and another of Apollo Pythius by the port. The Temple of Diana, which rose by the contributions of all Asia, caused a desertion of the city of Androclus. The Ephesians came down from the mountains and settled in the plain by it, where they continued to the time of Alexander. They were then unwilling to remove into the present city, but a heavy rain falling, and Lysimachus stopping the drains, and flooding their houses, they were glad to exchange.

The port of Ephesus is now a morass which com-

municates with the Cayster by a narrow mouth, and at the water edge by the ferry may be seen the wall intended to embank the stream, and give it force by confinement. The masonry is of that kind in which the stones are of various shapes, but accurately joined. The situation was so advantageous as to counterbalance the inconveniences attending the port, the town increased daily, and under the Romans was accounted the most considerable emporium of Asia within the Taurus.

Towards the end of the eleventh century, Ephesus experienced the same fate as Smyrna, and fell into the hands of a Turkish pirate named Tangripanes, who settled there. He was defeated by the Greek admiral, John Ducas, in a sanguinary engagement, who drove the Turks up the Meander, as far as Polybotum.

In 1306, Ephesus suffered from the exactions of the Grand Duke Roger; and two years after it surrendered to the Sultan, who, to prevent future insurrections, removed most of the inhabitants to Tyriœum, where they were massacred. The transactions in which mention is made of

Ephesus, after this period, belong to its neighbour and successor Ayasaluk.

The change which occurred in the names of places after the new settlements established by the Turks, renders it difficult to follow Tamerlane in his marches through Asia Minor; but from Giuzel-Hissar, or Magnesia, by the Meander, he came to Aiazlik, or Ayasaluk, where he also encamped after subduing Smyrna, in 1402. Two years subsequent to the invasion of Tamerlane, Cincis took Ephesus from Amir, Sultan of Smyrna, and after many severe skirmishes between these two chieftains they were reconciled, and Amir soon after dying, Cincis became sovereign of Ephesus; and though continually disturbed by attacks from Sultan Suleiman, he kept possession of the city. The citadel is here distinguished so plainly, that a person who has seen the places will scarcely hesitate to pronounce that the Ephesus of Cincis was the Ayasaluk of Tamerlane.

But of this once renowned city little now remains; the candlestick of Ephesus has long been removed out of its place, and "a few unintelligible heaps of stones," says Arundell, "with

some mud-cottages untenanted, are the only memorials of the great city of the Ephesians. Even the sea has retired from the scene of desolation, and a pestilential morass, covered with mud and rushes, has succeeded to the waters which brought up the ships laden with merchandise from every country." The travellers of the last century found some few Greek peasants, harbouring among the ruins of the once glorious edifices which their forefathers had raised. But even these, the miserable representatives of the ancient Ephesians, have now disappeared; and the malaria has increased to such a degree that the ruins of this great city can hardly be approached with safety during six months of the year. Part of the plain of Ephesus is, however, under cultivation, including the very site of the city. Hartley says, "The plough has passed over the site of the city, and we saw the green corn growing in all directions among the forsaken ruins." Fisk, who entered into conversation with the Greek peasants, men and women, whom he found pulling up the tares and weeds from the corn, ascertained that *they all belonged to distant villages*, and came there to labour, and

this description agrees with that of Chishull, in 1699, who says, "that the miserable remains of the Church of Ephesus resided not on the spot, but at a neighbouring village called Kirkingekeui," and this statement is also confirmed by Van Egmont. The present state of desolation is not new. When Arundell visited Ephesus in 1824, it was complete: a Turk, his Arab servant, and a single Greek being the only inhabitants — some Turcomans excepted, whose black tents were pitched among the ruins. The Greek revolution, and the predatory excursions of the Samoites, might then account in a great measure for this total desertion, and the increasing prevalence of malaria has had the same effect since.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SECOND CHURCH—SMYRNA—SKETCH OF ITS HISTORY—MARTYRDOM OF POLYCARP—CHURCH OF ST. JOHN—RUINED MOSQUE—CASTLE ON THE ACROPOLIS—APOCALYPTIC EPISTLE—ITS INNER SENSE—MAGNESIA ON THE MEANDER—LIZARD KILLED—IGNATIAN EPISTLE—ROAD FROM MAGNESIA TO TRALLES—KHAVOUS KHAVAI—AIDIN OR GHINZEL HISSAR—SERPENT KILLED—RUINS—ARCHES ON THE TOP OF THE HILL—AQUEDUCT BY THE WAY—MAD FREAK OF A TRAVELLER—DANGEROUS ROAD—BEAUTIFUL RAVINE—KHAN AT AIDIN—SWEETMEATS MADE THERE—NYSA OR SULTAN HISSAR—NASLI—ANTIOCH—(NOTES)—CAROURA—SARAKEUI.

BEFORE we speak of Smyrna as she is, we must give some account of "the most beautiful city" of the *ancient* world; but, as is usual. its origin is lost in fabulous records. In a pamphlet published some years ago by Œconomos, the clever and excellent master of the Hellenic School at Smyrna, he gives a host of authorities to show that the city was built in Æolia, B.C. 1139 years; and some ascribe to it a still earlier date. By Stephanus of Byzantium and Aristides, it is called Tantalis, as if founded by Tantalus, by whom it was at first named Naulochus. Afterwards it was named Smyrna by Theseus, as Herodotus tells us, after his wife. But

Strabo's account is more plausible still: he says, that one of the Amazons first gave her name (Smyrna) to a part of Ephesus; and afterwards some of these inhabitants of the Ephesian city came and dwelt at Æolian Smyrna, driving out the ancient possessors, and calling it after the Ephesian suburb. So that it would seem that Smyrna had the honour of being an Athenian colony,—for such were the Ephesians originally. At this period of their history the Smyrneans were worthy of their Athenian descent: they equalled in power and wisdom the Milesians, the Ephesians, or any other Ionian state; and whilst Anaxagoras, Thales, and others reflected lustre on Clazomene and Miletus, Smyrna, amongst other great names, might claim the honour of giving birth to HOMER, a name in itself sufficient to adorn the people from whom he sprang.

The Smyrneans successfully contended against the neighbouring state of Æolia, by which means they freed themselves from the province of Æolia, and became one of the Ionian cities. But, as usual, a long succession of prosperity proved as fatal to this pride of eastern cities, as we have

seen in other instances. "Ionian luxury, and Smyrnean manners," became a proverb among the ancients; and at last, enervated by sensual indulgence, they could no longer resist the attacks of their enemies, and were conquered by the Lydians, whom in better times they had courageously opposed. "The beautiful city" was destroyed, and her inhabitants dispersed in the country around: for four hundred years they continued to dwell in the surrounding villages; and it is possible that the lovely villages where now the Smyrneans retreat during the sultry months, are built on the site of those which sheltered their forefathers when driven from their ancient city.

It was to Alexander the Great that Smyrna owed her resuscitation; for when he advanced to revenge the wrongs of Greece on Persia, he showed the greatest respect to the citizens of Smyrna, and, as had been predicted by an oracle, he determined to reinstate the country of Homer in its ancient splendour; thus the scattered citizens of the ancient Smyrna were summoned from their villages, and the Smyrna of our present time arose, being built in part on the plain at the foot

of Mount Pagus, and partly on its sloping sides. Ancient Smyrna, which lies about twenty stadia, or three quarters of an hour's distance from that of the present day, was within the limits of Æolia, but the Smyrneans were commanded by the oracles to cross the Meles, and build their new abode on Mount Pagus, where the present city stands.

We cannot here discuss the exact site of the ancient town, indeed it imports little; it is certain that the Smyrna we now visit was founded by Alexander, and probably enlarged and beautified by Antigonus and Lysimachus; so that it is at least two thousand three hundred years since its foundation. As may be supposed, Alexander chose a site as was usual in ancient times,—commodious for defence, and capable of supplying materials for construction. Here, the quarries in the mountain yielded the marble required, and the slope of the mount offered an excellent foundation for the seats of the stadium and the theatres.

Smyrna seems in all ages to have been the gem of the East;—by the Greeks esteemed the "lovely,

the crown of Ionia, the ornament of Asia," and in the time of the Roman emperors she was considered the most beautiful of the cities of Ionia. In fact, if we take the word of Pausanias, there cannot be a city in modern Europe to equal what Smyrna then was: the arts and sciences, the edifices, whether public or private, the polity, and the kindliness of the Smyrneans, were as near perfection as can be found on earth. In short, the temples, the schools, the hospitals, the baths, the fine disposition of the streets, the aqueducts, gymnasia, theatres, libraries, all, forced even Strabo to exclaim when he first beheld it, "This is indeed the most beautiful city in the world!" And as, during the time of Hadrian, young men crowded to the schools of Smyrna from Greece and from Rome, it was styled "The grove of the eloquence of the sages, the museum of Ionia, the domicile of the Graces and the Muses."

From the medals of ancient Smyrna, it may be seen that she had a Prytaneum, and Jupiter was worshipped in the Acropolis, then called Koryphæa, and containing the temple of Jupiter Koryphæus. The Smyrneans were the first in Asia to raise a

temple to Rome the Goddess; even while Carthage was yet powerful, and many of the Asian monarchs, though they knew nothing of Roman valour, took part with Pompey, and assisted him with ships. But when Smyrna had allowed Trebonius, who had conspired against Cæsar, to take refuge in her walls, the city was in part destroyed by Dolabella, and Trebonius was slain; afterwards Augustus extended his protection to the city, and its inhabitants were allowed the title of *Neocori.*

Under Roman rule, Smyrna increased its magnificence and renown, and students from all parts flocked to its school, attracted by its eminence in art and science. Its citizens claimed to be the chief in Asia, and their alliance was sought even by Athens and Lacedemon. When the jealousy of the Ephesians prompted them to strike a medal, with the inscription—

ΕΦΕΣΙΩΝ . ΠΡΩΤΩΝ . ΑΣΙΑΣ,

the Smyrneans retorted by another medal, which reads—

ΣΜΥΡΝΑ . ΠΡΩΤΗ . ΑΣΙΑΣ . ΚΑΛΛΕΙ . ΚΑΙ . ΜΕΓΕΘΕΙ.

In short, Smyrna seems to have been peculiarly

favoured by the Roman emperors: Tiberius selected it as the city where the temple in honour of his mother should be built, though eleven of the Asiatic cities contended for the selection—and he, too, made her a *Neocore.* Hadrian also entitled her *Neocore,* because she dedicated a temple to him, with annual games, as a grateful return for his rebuilding some part of the city that had suffered from an earthquake; and in A. D. 177, it was restored to its original beauty by Marcus Aurelius. A native of the city was appointed to preside over the restoration of the place, after it had again been visited by an earthquake, and to him, whose name was Democharès, his fellow-citizens gratefully erected a statue. The government of this celebrated city appears to have been a democracy; the public authority being exercised by a council in the people's name. Besides the popular council, she had also a Council of Elders, or a Senate. The chief magistrate was called Strategus, though he was a civil and not a military officer.

Smyrna had also officers for different charges, or employments,—as the scribe, or town-clerk,

who had the care of the laws and archives; the quæstor, or treasurer. This was a place of great dignity, and was enjoyed by Bion; and he who presided over the gymnasium, was called the gymnasiarch.

The temples of the deities, and those dedicated to the emperors, were served by priests, subject to a Pontiff or high-priest, who had the superintendence of the city and its territorial appendages. The sacred games were under the direction of an officer called an asiarch; and though the asiarchate was a very honourable distinction, it was so expensive that by the Roman laws any man who had more than five children could decline the office when elected to it. They had also priests or Pontiffs called Stephanophori, because they wore a laurel crown, and sometimes a golden one, in the public ceremonies, and though in ancient times they were consecrated to the service of the gods, they afterwards had ministry in the temples of the emperors. They probably exercised the supreme authority in this city in the place of archons; and it may have been in reference to this elevated dignity that the faithful of Smyrna were promised "a crown of life."

Thus far, Smyrna the antique, Smyrna the worshipper of the Pagan divinities. Under the Christian emperors she was next in rank to Constantinople, not only on account of her ancient renown, but for her glory as a convert to Christianity. This metropolitan see had six dioceses belonging to it,—Phocæa, Magnesia, Clazomene, Anelium or Eleion, Archangel, and Petra.

Hitherto Smyrna had been happy and prosperous, but shortly after came days of cruel misfortune; for in 1084 a Turkish pirate named Tzachas, whom his gang of desperadoes dignified with the title of king, took possession of Smyrna, and there established the seat of his dominion, which included several cities and islands, some of them of historic fame. At that time Suleiman the First had his throne in Nicea. But in 1097 Smyrna was retaken by the brother-in law of the emperor, Alexis Comnenus, with the assistance of Caspax the admiral; and they stipulated that the pirate chief and his adherents should be put to death. The admiral was appointed governor, when being soon after murdered by a Turk, the sailors of his fleet avenged his death by slaughtering ten thousand Smyrneans.

Another governor was appointed, when Tzachas returned; again he obtained possession of the city, but again was forced to fly; and being accused to the Sultan Keletzi Azlan as a self-elected sovereign, the Sultan joined the Emperor's army, besieged Tzachas in Abydos, where he got him into his power and despatched him. These wars laid waste the whole of Asia Minor; and though some of the ruined cities were restored, at the commencement of the thirteenth century Smyrna lay in ruins, the Acropolis alone excepted, that serving as a fortress. The Emperor John Ducas Vatatzes, who reigned in 1222, rebuilt and beautified it, and Theodosius, the Consul, who inspected this restoration, was honoured with a marble statue; gratitude appears to have been one of the native virtues. We now find Smyrna alternately swayed by Moslems and Christians, and sometimes both, dividing their influence within its boundaries.

In 1313 Aidin, a Turkish General of Sultan Osman, took almost all Lydia from the Emperor Andronicus, and nearly placed his standard on the walls of Smyrna. His son, Omar, was satrap

of Smyrna in 1333; and when, some years afterwards, he had sailed away to lay waste the Propontine coast, the Knights of Rhodes came with some ships, destroyed many vessels then in the port, and took a fortress, now called the Fort of St. Peter. Omar returned and saved the town, but he could not effect a dislodgement of the knights; and the year ensuing the pope sent a nominal Patriarch of Constantinople, attended by twelve gallies: but while mass was being celebrated in what was then the metropolitan church, now the Issar mosque, Omar attacked them, killed great numbers, among whom was the patriarch, and obliged the others to shut themselves up in the fort, before which he himself fell, slain with an arrow.

This is somewhat differently related in Vertot's History; but I have neither time nor space to enter into a discussion of the minute details; all I aim at is a sketch of the vicissitudes which have befallen this famous city. She was for fifty-seven years under the joint government of Turks and Christians, and after having successfully resisted the attacks of Amurath I. and his son,

Bajazet, she became the prey of Tamerlane. At last, after years of combat, in which Smyrna seems to have been alternately snatched by one party from another, when the Turks had gained complete possession of the Greek empire, peace and commerce again returned to the so often desolated city.

In 1694, in the time of Achmet II., the Venetians arrived before Smyrna with a victorious naval force fresh from the conquest of Chio, and were about to attack the city, when the French, English, and Dutch Consuls had an interview with the Venetian Admiral; and such was the force of their representations, that he, fearing to awaken the ire of the European sovereigns, left the port without any hostility, and Smyrna remained in the enjoyment of that repose, which has been rarely disturbed since then, until the commencement of the Greek Revolution. After all these ravages, but few traces of the ancient city can be expected to remain.

Between the western gate of the castle and the sea may be traced the ground-plan of the ancient Stadium, erroneously supposed to have been the

scene of the martyrdom of Polycarp. The theatre in which that event occurred was situated on a hill fronting the north, and vestiges of it may be seen in descending from the northern gateway of the Castle. It is described as possessing great beauty, and being the largest in Asia, but was destroyed by the Vizier Achmet in the year 1675, who employed the materials in the construction of other buildings.

The persecution under which Polycarp, the disciple of John, met with his death, does not appear to have originated either with the Proconsul or the imperial court, but to have arisen from the clamour of the heathen populace, assisted by the bigotry of the Jews; nevertheless the Christians suffered the most dreadful torments, and death by the stake, or by wild beasts in the theatre, was the fate of those who, having been denounced to the authorities, refused to sacrifice to the genius of the Emperor.

I cannot lay before the readers a better account of the death of Polycarp, than that given by Neander, who takes it chiefly from the circular letter addressed by the Church of Smyrna

to other Christian Churches. After recounting the story of a certain Phrygian who delivered himself up to the Proconsul, but recanted at the sight of the wild beasts, Neander adds :—

"Very different was the behaviour of the venerable Polycarp, now ninety years of age. When he heard the shouts of the people demanding his death, it was his intention at first to remain quietly in the city, and await the issue which God might ordain him; but the prayers of the Church prevailed on him to take refuge in a neighbouring villa. Here he spent the time with a few friends, occupied, as was his custom day and night, in praying for all the Churches throughout the world. When search was made for him he retired to another villa, but he had scarcely reached it before the officers of the Proconsul appeared, to whom his place of refuge had been betrayed by some, who, unworthy of the honour, had enjoyed his confidence. The Bishop himself had again fled, but they found two slaves, and from one, whom they put to the torture, they extracted the secret of his hiding-place. As they were approaching, Polycarp, who was in

the highest story of the dwelling, might have escaped by the flat roof to another house, a mode of flight made easy by the peculiar style of Oriental building; but he said, 'The will of the Lord be done!' Coming down to the officers of justice, he ordered whatever they chose to eat and drink to be placed before them, requesting only that they would indulge him with one hour for quiet prayer; but the fulness of his heart carried him through two hours, so that the Pagans themselves were touched by his devotion.

The time having arrived for their departure, the chief officer of police (εἰρηνάρχος) and others urged him to sacrifice to the Emperor, and irritated by what they thought the obstinacy of his refusal, they thrust him out of the chariot, and injured one of his legs. Being brought before the Proconsul, the latter urged him, saying, 'Curse Christ and I release thee!' 'Eighty and six years,' he replied, 'have I served Him, and He has done me nothing but good, and how could I curse Him, my Lord and Saviour?' When the Proconsul continued to press him, 'Well,' said Polycarp, 'if you wish to know what I am, I tell

you frankly I am a Christian; and would you know what the doctrine of Christianity is, appoint an hour and hear me.' The Proconsul, anxious if possible to save him, said, 'Do but persuade the people;' to which Polycarp replied, 'To you I feel myself bound to give an account; for our religion teaches us to pay due honour to the powers ordained of God, so far as it can be done without prejudice to our salvation; but those I hold to be unworthy of my defending myself before them.'

The Proconsul having once more vainly threatened him with wild beasts or the stake, caused the herald to proclaim in the circus that Polycarp had confessed himself a Christian, upon which the people shouted out, 'This is the teacher of Atheism, the father of the Christians, the enemy of our gods, who teaches so many to turn from the worship of the gods, and not to sacrifice.' The Proconsul having refused to let loose any more wild beasts, the Jews and Pagans brought wood from the workshops and the baths, and when they proposed fastening him to the stake, he said, 'Leave me thus. He who has strengthened me to encounter the flames will also enable

me to stand firm at the stake.' Before the fire was lighted, he prayed, 'Oh Lord Almighty God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, through whom we have received knowledge of thyself, God of the angels and of the whole creation, of the human race and of the saints that live in thy presence: I praise thee that thou hast judged me worthy this day and this hour to take part among the number of thy witnesses in the cup of thy Christ."

An old tradition states that the flames, forming an arch around him, met above the head of the martyr, and refused to consume him. A soldier seeing this, pierced the aged bishop with his spear, and the flames then did their office. It is more reasonable to believe with Neander, that the venerable Polycarp died like Ridley and Latimer in more recent times.

The Apocalyptic Epistle to Smyrna follows the same rule as that to Ephesus. It speaks of a time of tribulation, and specifies ten days, which some apply to the ten Pagan general persecutions. Spiritually it indicates a wholesome condition of the Church, and it is one of the two which conveys no mixture of reproof, The period during

which the Church was thus purified by trial, is too clearly pointed out in the page of history to be questioned: it may be said to have lasted with few and short intermissions from the middle of the reign of Nero to the accession of Constantine the Great. The other esoteric and spiritual meaning of the message is applicable to that period of sorrow and tribulation when the believer is first made aware of his mortal frailty—is shown, that. "in him, that is, in his flesh, dwelleth no good thing;" that even though reconciled to God, he is yet in the body, and that there is "a law in his members warring against the law of his mind." To a period like this, the comforting message to the Smyrnean Church is peculiarly applicable—Smyrna signifies bitterness, and surely this bitterness is wholesome.

It was in mounting the Acropolis of Smyrna that we first became aware of the sure-footedness of Asiatic horses: they can do all but walk up and down a wall, and there are parts of the steep hill on which the castle is built, which no European horse would venture to take. Only, like all such animals—the Spanish mule is an example,—

they will not be interfered with; they will take their own way, and over difficult ground go their own pace. Within the walls of the Acropolis are arched dungeons, the roofs of which have in many places fallen in, so that it is easy to descend and explore them. They present nothing remarkable. Here and there are the holes in the arches to which bolts and staples have been attached, but these have long since disappeared. Iron is too valuable to remain and rust away, nor do I remember a relic of antiquity composed of any kind of metal left standing in Asia Minor. There was indeed a tradition, that Tamerlane had shot an arrow into the dome of the Mosque at Ephesus, and that it was sticking in the cupola; but a few years ago it was brought down by the rifle of a visitor, and turned out to be only a chain!

In these dungeons at Smyrna it is very probable that Polycarp was confined, and all connected with the memory of this apostolic man must be deeply interesting to the Christian traveller. The ancient Mosque too is standing, said to have been once the Church of St. John; but tradition is not much to be depended on for the right assignment of

such remains. The buildings on the Acropolis are mostly of a loose kind of marble, which easily crumbles away, and the fragments of which look like pounded granite.

The road, or rather the way, from Ephesus to Magnesia on the Meander, is very interesting. We crossed the ridge of Mount Messogis, but at a part where there is no great elevation: the hills swell, on both sides of the way, but leave a vale of some width. The appearance of the ruins is very striking; there is a theatre, as usual, and an immense quadrangular enclosure, the walls of which are in tolerable preservation; all along one side are panels, as though windows or doors had been there, and afterwards filled up.

Within this enclosure are countless fragments, and some large ones of columns, friezes, pediments, and every other part of a great building, whether temple or palace; towards the middle lies a heap of more than usual dimensions; and this, on further investigation, appeared to be the remains of a temple. The columns were of large size, and many capitals, which were of a fine and beautifully-proportioned Ionic, were entire. It was

probably dedicated to Diana, the Ephesian goddess. Above rose the mountain-peak, towering magnificently over the seat of the fallen city; and in the plain beyond rolled the winding waters of the celebrated Meander.

The following decisive reasons are given by Colonel Leake, in proof of the position of Magnesia at Inek-bazar, and not at Ghiuzel-hissar, as had been supposed by Chandler and others:—

1. Magnesia was, according to Pliny, fifteen miles, and according to Artemidorus, a hundred and twenty stadia from Ephesus. This is about the real distance of Inek-bazar, and not half that of Ghiuzel-Hissar from the ruins of Ephesus, at Ayasaluk.

2. Tralles was on the road from Physcus to Ephesus; but had Magnesia been at Ghiuzel-Hissar, Tralles, which was eighteen miles according to one author, or a hundred and forty stadia according to another, to the eastward of Magnesia, must have been about Atshà, which is very much out of the direction from Marmara, (anciently Physcus,) to Ephesus.

3. Strabo describes Magnesia as situated in a

plain at the foot of a mountain called Theræ, not far from the Meander, but nearer the Lethæus, a stream flowing from Pactyas, a mountain of the Ephesii. This description agrees precisely with Inek-bazar, in face of which are two insulated hills, which, when all the plain of the Meander below Inek-bazar was sea, were two islands, called Devasida and Sophonia. Besides the town walls, theatre, stadium, and other indications of the site of a great city, are the vast prostrate fragments of an octostyle Ionic temple, before noticed, the peristyle of which was nearly two hundred feet in length, and was formed of columns more than four feet and a half in diameter. This description agrees perfectly with that given of the Temple of Diana at Magnesia, by Vitruvius and Strabo. Among the ruins are some pedestals, which formerly supported statues of Nerva and Marcus Aurelius: one of these is dedicated by a high priest and scribe of the Magnetes; and on another fragment were found by Col. Leake, the names of some priestesses of Artemis Leucophryene.

Magnesia was a town of considerable importance: the stadium, the extent of the amphi-

theatre, and the character of the ruins, assure us of this. It is certain that the river was anciently navigable, and might easily be made so again, but the tradition that the tide ran up as far as Apamea is utterly absurd.

While engaged in examining these interesting ruins, we were put for a time to some little terror. The young American who had accompanied Colonel Willoughby, and who had exhibited a great eccentricity of manner for some days past, suddenly galloped off in the direction of the Turkish village Inek Bazaar, and, to our alarm, did not return. We waited some hours, and sent guides and suridjies to scour the country, but in vain; all we could learn was, that a Frank had been seen galloping at a tremendous pace through the village, and through a Turcoman encampment, yelling and shrieking: it seems, however, from what followed, that he had ascertained the direction of Ghiuzel Hissar, or Aidin, to which place we were bound.

The church at Magnesia was a distinguished one in the apostolic days, and to it was addressed one of the Ignatian Epistles. It would appear

from this document that the Magnesian Christians were somewhat inclined to what we should now call Congregationalism; for the great object of Ignatius, in his epistle, is to warn them against this error, and a tendency also to Judaizing. May I be permitted to say of so eminent a man as Ignatius, that he seems to me justly liable to a charge of attempting to make himself a "lord over God's heritage." The implicit obedience he exacts from the laity to the bishop and presbyters seems excessive, and the comparison he draws between the episcopal office and the Divine Majesty would, were such a parallel drawn in these days, be regarded as in no small degree blasphemous.

An hour or two beyond Magnesia the road winds along by the side of a rivulet in a deep ravine, the sides of which are covered with the most luxuriant vegetation; the poplar lifts its head among these, and seems to flourish well. Just before entering this ravine, a snake glided out from the bank on one side of the hedge, and was crossing the road; Colonel Willoughby, who first saw it, cried out to Mr. M——— to shoot it,

his own gun not being loaded. It required a good shot to do this, for our horses were all extremely restive, and so tormented with flies, that it was with difficulty that we could keep our seats. M———, however, took aim, and shot the snake through the head. It was a beautiful reptile, of a cream colour, with dark-brown bands spotted with black, and crossing each other all along the back, so that the back exhibited one continued ridge of a fine dark reddish brown with square spots of black. These bands faded off on the belly, which was cream-coloured. Karoli said that the snake was harmless, and on examining its mouth we found it to be so: its teeth were even; it had no fangs properly so called. Colonel Willoughby observed, that in America it was holden as a duty to kill every snake that was seen; he said there was a popular prejudice, that if wounded to death at any time of the day, a snake would not die till sunset, and he seemed to consider that there was some reason for the opinion.

The ravine through which we passed, before emerging upon the plain of Ghiuzel-Hissar, was said to be unsafe for travellers; banditti made it

a favourite resort, and it was well our guides told us to keep together.

We passed under the arches of an aqueduct which crossed the ravine, and which is in tolerable fair preservation.

We slept one night at a place called Khavous Khavai, where we heard abundance of jackals, and as M—— wished very much to shoot one, we sat up part of the night with this murderous intent. All around us was heard their melancholy shriek, but it was too dark for us to catch sight of one, though Karoli told us that he had shot many. A little beyond Khavous Khavai we found, growing in great profusion, the tree (a large ilex) from which is produced that acorn so much used in tanning in the south of France and Spain, and occasionally in England also. The cup of the acorn alone is valuable; it is surrounded by a thick moss containing tannin in a highly concentrated state. Here, too, we noticed many tortoises, and a porcupine, the only one we saw in a wild state, though they are not uncommon. The natives eat them, and consider them great delicacies. We tried one at Smyrna, and had reason to agree with them. The tortoise,

too, is occasionally eaten, but it is not a favourite article of food; the flesh is much like that of the hare, but the fat is bitter and black; so much so that I could scarcely taste the soup which M. Mille, at my desire, placed on the table. We saw a very fine viper, which one of Colonel Willoughby's party had killed and left on the road; they were half an hour before us. The reptile was about four feet long and beautifully marked.

We had no unpleasant interruption on our way; and when we arrived at Ghiuzel-Hissar we found our missing friend sitting in a coffee-house among a crowd of Turks, to whom he was declaiming, in very excellent American, with a little occasional bad French and worse Italian to make it the more intelligible. I suppose, by his eloquence, that he was on some national subject; and to judge by his usual style of conversation, perhaps "catawampously chawing up the Britishers." However, the good Turks were supplying him with coffee and tobacco, and had taken care of his horse; so that when Colonel Willoughby appeared, he had only to carry him off to the khan, and to pay the cafidgee.

Aidin. or Ghiuzel-Hissar, (Beautiful Castle,)

for such is the name which the Turks have given to the ancient Tralles, is situated at the termination of a small plain, and is built on the sides of a hill; the ancient city occupying the higher portion. The arches which crown the summit are very fine, and may be seen for miles around; they appear to have made part of a palace.

There are fragments of painting on the plaster, which is not very likely to be antique; and some of the ornamental parts of the architecture are in an inverted position, showing that the present ruin is not of *very* remote antiquity, but was itself, when entire, constructed of the relics of yet older buildings. The convenience of the site of the old city has caused excavations to be made, in order that the remains found might be applied to building purposes in Ghiuzel-Hissar. There are fragments of a theatre, and throughout the neighbourhood of the ancient Tralles, the wells are surmounted by the capitals or bases of columns, and the watering-troughs are baths, or sarcophagi. In the town the bazaars are interesting from being shaded by fine trees, instead of stone arches, or wooden boards.

The town remains just as it was years ago; the houses dilapidated, the streets winding, dirty, and unpaved. It was in 1828, that a policeman named Kel-Mehemet (Mehèmet the Scurfy), born in a little village a few hours' distance from hence, took it into his head to excite the inhabitants of this part of the country against the reforms of Sultan Mahmoud. This Kel-Mehemet could neither read nor write; but illiterate as he was, he could with his imagination and his fanaticism be eloquent with the people, and soon collecting a thousand men from the villages around, he obtained possession of two small towns a few leagues eastward of Aïdin. Thereupon he was emboldened to make an attempt against the town;—he entered, and such was the terror his name inspired, that the eight hundred men belonging to the garrison made no resistance. Subsequently, several Pachas united against this rebel as he was about to lead his troops to Smyrna, and he was killed at the gates of Ghiuzel-Hissar. He was a man of ferocious character, but of great intrepidity.

There is not in all Turkey a place where the people have more detestation of the modern

innovations or reforms, than at Ghiuzel-Hissar; if insurrections do not frequently break out there, it is because the people do not find such men as Kel-Mehemet to lead them on; because the governor holds a tight rein over them,—inflicts death on any one who evinces the least discontent, —and also, because a strong garrison is constantly in the city.

I have said that Kel-Mehemet was a man of ferocious character, and an anecdote related of him confirms that reputation. Two days after he had entered Ghiuzel-Hissar, he sent for a Greek physician named Nicholas. Kel was sitting on the corner of a divan (or low couch) smoking his chibouque very quietly, and speaking of his health to the physician; when a Turk entered the room, saluted Mehemet with respect, and kissed the skirt of his robe, according to the moslem custom. Kel took the yataghan which was always in his girdle, and at one blow clove the head of the man who was kissing his feet. "The coward!" cried Kel, replacing the dripping blade in its sheath,— "this wretch deserted us when we were fighting the day before yesterday in defence of our religion,

and now he dared to come into my presence! *Gueil, gueil!* come, come," cried he, raising his voice, and clapping his hands as a summons to the slaves. The slaves came in and carried away the dead body; and then with the utmost coolness he turned to the physician and said, "You think, then, it will do me good to be bled:"—the doctor was so shocked and confounded at this terrible scene, that he could not find voice to reply.

We soon arrived at the fine country around Sultan Hissar, abounding in almond-trees, olive-grounds, tall chestnuts, and limpid springs, which flow down from Mount Messogis.

About half an hour's distance to the north of Sultan Hissar, may be seen the remains of Nysa; on a platform where these ruins lie prostrate amidst a rich and productive vegetation, pine-trees, olives, vines, the oak, the ash, are all most picturesquely mixed together with the ancient walls of Nysa. This city was constructed on two low hills, and a deep torrent divided it into two parts, which were united by a bridge thrown across the impetuous stream.

On the western hill you may perceive the remains of a long aqueduct, and not far from the eastern bank of the stream, is an immense theatre, which now encloses only olive-trees.

At Caroura—the ancient Carura—and the Cydrara of Herodotus, there are still hot springs, and a few, but very few, fragments of antiquity. That no more exist will not be thought wonderful, when it is stated that the village which occupied the spot was swallowed up by an earthquake, at a time too when a large number of persons were collected in one of its khans. It is said that there are appearances in the rocks near it which much resemble the singular incrustations at Hierapolis, but I was not fortunate enough to get a sight of them.

The tale of the earthquake rests on the authority of Dr. Chandler, who heard it in the country as we did, but we could not obtain any particulars. There was in his time the ruin of an ancient bridge, but of this we saw no traces. Carura was the ancient boundary between Lydia and Phrygia.

At Sarakeui we experienced a very agreeable

instance of Turkish hospitality. We found the khan, the only one, occupied, but the master was so good as to propose to us that we should sleep on a shelf, under a kind of penthouse, promising at the same time that it should not rain. As we had nowhere else to go, and it might perhaps be fine, we were fain to accede to his proposition, when we observed a very grave person, who came and smoked his pipe at us for some time in silence. After he had sufficiently examined us, he went away, but soon returned, and again smoked at us. This time his courtesy extended a little further, for he walked up and addressed us in Turkish, to which we listened with great attention. Karoli then translated, and we were much gratified to find that he came from the governor, who offered us a room in his house. Our new friend told us that the governor had heard with regret that two English gentlemen were going to sleep on a shelf in an outhouse, and begged that we would make his house our own.

We gladly accepted this invitation, and procured an extension of it for Colonel Willoughby and his party. That night we slept on soft

cushions, and in a room with twelve windows! a great thing in a Turkish house. Fires and other comforts were provided, and when we left in the morning, we pressed on our hospitable host a few articles of English cutlery, with which he seemed much pleased.

CHAPTER IX.

THE THIRD CHURCH—PERGAMOS—SKETCH OF ITS HISTORY—PRESENT STATE—GENOESE FORT—RUINS ON THE ACROPOLIS—WELL—PILLARS EMBEDDED IN STUCCO—TEMPLE—DIFFICULTY OF ASCENT—THICKNESS OF WALLS—BRIDGE OVER THE CAICUS—CHURCH OF ST. JOHN—TOWN WALLS—POSITION OF THE CITY—APOCALYPTIC EPISTLE TO THE CHURCH—ITS INNER SENSE—ROAD FROM PERGAMOS TO MENIMEN—VIEW OF THE SEA—TURKISH ESCORT—ROBBERS—CONVERSATION WITH KAROLI AND HAVODIK—TURCOMAN TENT—WOOD FIRES—SMOKE—COFFEE—MAGNESIA AD SYPILUM—MENIMEN—CAFENET IN THE TOWN—RUM AND BRANDY—DRUNKEN TURK—ANTIPATHY BETWEEN TURKS AND GREEKS—HORNETS—ROAD FROM MENIMEN TO THE SEA—GULF OF SMYRNA—FISHING BOAT—RETURN TO SMYRNA.

THE dark tall cypresses of the three cemeteries of Pergamos, and the striking ruins of the Church of St. John, with its walls, a hundred feet high, and six feet thick, towering over the adjacent gate of the city, are the first objects that meet the eye of the traveller as he approaches the capital of the ancient Roman province of Mysia. Pergamos is beautifully situated, embosomed in fertile hills through which the river Caicus winds its way, while the neighbouring valley is well watered by two tributary streams. To these natural advantages may be ascribed the great importance of

the city, which contains more than five thousand houses, ten mosques, and several Christian churches. Unfortunately, the latter have been too often built for the purpose of extorting fees from the poor Greeks for the benefit of the Patriarch, who expects a handsome sum for granting his sanction, and of the Bishop, who charges 15,000 piastres or more for consecration, rather than from any desire to extend the blessings of Christianity. Even the bastinado has been employed to wring money from such unfortunate disciples of the Greek Church as were too poor or too niggardly to pay what was decided by their rulers to be their proportion of the expense. Such practices exhibit the *religion* of Christianity in ruins, and we are not surprised to find the Church of St. John in a sad plight; storks building in the dilapidated walls, and cows inhabiting the once splendid nave.

At one end of the building is a subterranean room supported by eight pillars, which is used as a pottery, and the chancel is converted into a school-room for Greek children of both sexes. A legend tells us, that when Pergamos was taken

by the followers of Iglou, they converted the church into a mosque, but a miracle occurred, and either the minaret was supernaturally thrown down, or the position of the entrance supernaturally changed,—for the accounts differ,—and the alarmed disciples of the Prophet gave up the building to become a prey to the desolation in which it now stands. At one time the Greeks used it as a church, but the Turks, actuated by that superstitious reverence they often evince for Christian relics, or by a remembrance that it had once been consecrated to their own faith, would not allow them to continue in possession of it.

Not far from the ruined Church of St. John is the Mosque of St. Sophia, supposed to have been the church of the Christians to whom the Apocalyptic epistle is addressed. The building bears internal evidence of having undergone many alterations. The Mahometans cut off the chancel to get rid of its cruciform shape, and one of the three cupolas that surmount the roof, is stated by tradition to have been built to cover up a cross that miraculously replaced a minaret, and which no efforts could remove. This pretended miracle

cannot be congratulated upon its success, as it completely failed, like its fellow wonder just narrated, to preserve the Christian edifice from Moslem desecration. In this mosque is the pretended tomb of Antipas, who, according to a most improbable legend, suffered martyrdom, by being burnt in a brazen bull, in his own episcopal city. Near the Mosque of St. Sophia may be traced the remains of the ancient sewers; they were twenty feet deep and of proportionate width. Through one of these now flows a rivulet, the ancient Selinus. Another part of the town contains six fine arches, and some high walls, whose ancient history has not been traced, although they are probably ruins of an ancient temple.

The exterior wall of a bath near these ruins exhibits a few architectural remains embedded in its substance; and in the building is one of the four celebrated antique vases that were dug up in the city. It is composed of beautiful marble, on which are represented the Amazons, and wreaths of flowers and lanceolate leaves. At the top the interior diameter is four feet, and the exterior diameter five feet. The general thickness of this splendid vase is six inches.

From the Greek quarter of the town rises the hill of the Acropolis, ascended by a dilapidated and winding path. The situation is an admirable one for defence, and exhibits the ruins of strong fortifications, extending over an area a quarter of a mile square, which were erected after the place was taken by the republic of Genoa. Near these fortifications may be seen fragments of pillars and other remains of considerable beauty that formerly belonged to a stately temple whose name has perished, although its construction is not ascribed to an earlier age than that of Trajan.

Looking from the Acropolis towards the narrow valley through which the Selinus flows, we see at one end a fine aqueduct of seventeen lofty arches, and at the other a massive pile of building, supposed to have been the chief entrance to the ancient Naumachia, which could be laid dry by drawing off the water of the Selinus, and by such means converted into an arena for chariot races and similar exhibitions. To the west, on the spot now occupied by a Turkish cemetery, it is conjectured that the famous temple of Esculapius formerly stood, and near it are other ruins which have not yet been made the subject of accurate

investigation; but one of them, which was circular, is called the Temple of the Daughter of Priam. The ancient Temple of Esculapius was renowned for the cures wrought by the priests of the god of physic, and appears to have been as fashionable a resort for invalids as a modern German Spa. Besides the rich, it had another class of votaries, for like the Christian churches of the middle ages, it offered the privilege of the sanctuary to all kinds of delinquents, who were safe from arrest within its sacred bounds.

The Temple of Esculapius, and its famous cures, were not the only services rendered to the healing art by the city of Pergamos, for in the year 131 of the Christian era, it was the birth-place of Galen, one of the most successful physicians, and most voluminous scientific writers of antiquity. Apollodorus, the mythologist, was also born at Pergamos, and to that city we owe the invention as well as the name of parchment, or, "Charta pergamena." The adaptation of skins to writing purposes is said to have been discovered in the days of Eumenes II., after the supply of papyrus was cut off by an edict of Ptolemy forbidding its

exportation, in a fit of jealousy at the successful efforts of the citizens of Pergamos to rival the literary celebrity of Alexandria. With such assiduity did the scholars of Pergamos work, that they accumulated two hundred thousand volumes, which perished in the destruction of the Alexandrian library, to which they had been removed by the orders of Cleopatra.

We found it no easy task to ride up to the Acropolis; and, indeed, before we had got half the way, we were glad to dismount, and to continue the ascent on foot. We noticed the platform described by Sir Charles Fellows, composed of columns laid lengthwise, and cemented together with a kind of concrete flooring above them. Upwards of sixty columns seem to have been so employed, and they gave one the idea of bristling cannon. In another part of the ruins we found a well arched over, and with a large block of marble protruding from the back of the chamber which covered it. The well itself was, however, dry. We remained some time to make sketches of the town below, a process which seemed greatly to interest an old Turk, who stood

watching us. He did not offer any opposition, though generally the native population much dislike any drawing being taken. Strangely must those who have visited the interior of Spain be reminded here of the similarity of prejudice.

The apocalyptic epistle to Pergamos singularly bears out the view which has been taken of the other two. It is addressed by one "who hath a sharp sword," and rebukes a corrupt Church. The time of persecution—that is, *Pagan* persecution—is past, and that of Papal corruption is commencing. Christianity now sits on the throne of the Cæsars,—it is *exalted,* according to the meaning of the word Pergamos, but while in a worldly sense lifted up, in a spiritual sense it is depressed. The bread of life has been mingled with the leaven of man's invention, and a commencement made to that fearful system of corruption which "taught for commandments the traditions of men." This period would coincide with that at which Constantine the Great made Christianity the religion of the empire. Then with the elevation of the priesthood to power and wealth was introduced a worldly spirit,

and declension from the ancient purity of the Gospel. It probably subsisted till the era when the claims of the Papacy were put forward with more boldness, and Rome, the Jezebel of Thyatira, assumed an authority to teach and to corrupt the world. Yet during the latter part of this period, in spite of the many drawbacks mentioned, there was an increase of earnestness and zeal, and the message to the Church at Thyatira, though mingled with rebuke, exhibits a brighter prospect than that to Pergamos.

Let us look at the spiritual idea. There are, undoubtedly, some who have not passed through a deterioration so decided as that indicated in the epistle to Pergamos, but many as unquestionably have done so, the bitterness of their second repentance has been followed by a carelessness after what now seemed unattainable, and they have gone rapidly backward. The lesson is most important. The temptations presented by riches and prosperity are not in the path of all, but their natural tendency is but too clearly pointed out by this deeply affecting passage of Holy Writ.

The keeper of the khan at Pergamos, at which, having tried in vain two or three which were pre-occupied, we finally put up, gave us up his own room, by far the best in the building, and took considerable pains to get us a good fire to dry all we had with us. This is more than is generally expected from a khangee, who is not bound to do more than give you the key of an empty room, and to sweep it out for you.

There was a great amount of business going on at Pergamos, and all the khans were full. I noticed on the doors of the gallery in which we were lodged many sketches, which I presume, by their general style, were the work of Greek wayfarers: they were representations of warriors in ancient armour, and with long plumes floating backwards from their helmets; here and there a ship, altogether innocent of any resemblance to those vessels which in our days plough the waters; and now and then a female head, with the hair classically arranged, and decidedly Negro features.

There was a man in a European dress doing some carpenter's work, and on speaking to him, I found that he was an Italian. He had been in

Asia only a short time. His master, a Greek, had come from Constantinople to settle here as a builder, but had died a few months before of the plague. The Italian was much employed, but heartily tired of the place: he said there were two or three Franks besides himself, but he had no society, and as soon as he could scrape together a few piastres, he would leave. I asked him how he found the Asiatic Turks to deal with? He replied, that they understood their own interests as well as any men, and were keen hands at driving a bargain, but that it was easy to be on good terms with them. The Greeks he disliked; they looked on him as a heathen, because he did not belong to their Church, and thwarted him in the way of business as much as they could. I asked him what difference he found between the Greeks here, and those in Constantinople; and he answered, that *there* the Franks were numerous, and the Greeks were obliged to be civil to them; whereas here, they had it all their own way.

When we left Pergamos, we gave the khangee a knife and a pencil-case, on which, much to my surprise, he threw his arms round me, and

informed me that he was very partial to the Ingleez, —that, considering that they were unbelievers, it was astonishing what good people they were,—and, Mashallah! their pocket-knives were undeniable. He then sat down opposite to us, and said a great many civil things, to which we replied in English, the conversation being interrupted with much laughter, and finishing by an invitation to come again and stay as long as we liked.

He sent for coffee, and pipes, and—brandy! This is a spirit very much like what in Spain is called *aguardiente*, and flavoured in the same way with aniseed. (Every step taken in the East shows the oriental origin of much that the traveller sees in Spain.) Of this spirit the worthy khangee partook largely, qualifying it with two or three cups of coffee, and alternating his discourse with many satisfactory whiffs at the narghilé. We were glad to carry away a stone bottle of the spirit, in case of similar weather to that which we had just passed through; having exhausted the supply of schiedam, which we had brought with us from Smyrna, and without which, or brandy, no traveller ought to be.

From Pergamos we proceeded southwards, catching at one time near Khizelkeui a view of the hills of Mytilene, the sea being at no great distance from our path. The country is covered with stones; it realizes exactly the description of the stony ground in our Lord's parable. We passed two or three large cemeteries, with fragments of pillars and other ancient remains in them, and found ourselves at nightfall very near the sea, and a little out of the frequented track.

It was too late to recover it, and we made our way to the hut of a Turcoman, situated by a small salt-water lake, and quite enclosed by hills. The master of the house (if house it can be called), received us with great cordiality, got up from the fire before which he was sitting, and made us sit as close to the blazing logs as he could. The situation was not unpleasant, for the evening was growing cold. As usual, pipes and coffee were at once tendered, and here I may as well observe that the Turkish way of making coffee produces a very different result from that to which we are accustomed. A small conical saucepan, with a long handle, and calculated to hold about two tablespoonsful of water,

is the instrument used; the fresh roasted berry is *pounded*, not ground, and about a dessert spoonful is put into the minute boiler; it is then nearly filled with water, and thrust among the embers; a few seconds suffice to make it boil, and the decoction, grounds and all, is poured out into a small cup, which fits into a brass socket much like the cup of an acorn, and holding the china cup as that does the acorn itself. The Turks seem to drink this decoction boiling, and swallow the grounds with the liquid. We allowed it to remain a minute, in order to leave the sediment at the bottom. It is always taken plain; sugar or cream would be thought to spoil it; and Europeans after a little practice (longer however than we had), are said to prefer it to the clear infusion drunk in France. In every hut you will see these coffee boilers suspended, and the means for pounding the roasted berry will be found at hand.

Karoli now made preparations for refreshment, and his cooking was successful in pleasing our host as well as ourselves, though the mysteries of knives and forks were things to which he was of course a stranger; but we were soon driven out

of the hut by the smoke, and more than once during the night I was obliged to leave my rug and inhale a little of the sea air without, so oppressive was the smoke of the green wood. No one, however, save M. and I seemed in any way to suffer from it. "All night long they slept till daybreak," as old Homer has it, and though not "most melancholy" they were at all events "most musical." I wonder we were not all "*asphyxiated.*"

In the morning we were assured that an escort was indispensable, the road from this retired spot to Menimen being much infested with robbers. I professed my utter disbelief in the existence of the banditti; we showed our pistols, and expressed our determination to fight if anybody meddled with us. Karoli, however, had his own views on the matter, and readily engaged a couple of idle fellows with pistols and yataghans to be our attendants as far as they thought it necessary. As we rode off with this formidable addition to our party, Karoli came up beside me, and began to talk in a gruff half sulky way, as he did when not well pleased.

"English gentlemans very much fool sometimes."

"You are very civil, Karoli."

"Yes, I know Turk thief; you don't. They not fight you; shoot you behind a rock. I know English milord shot at and robbed at Nymphi last year."

"Well but, Karoli, they would not attack an armed party."

"That what I say. Watch you come up the hill; they stay behind rock; when you come up—crack—you go over, Suridgees run away. What good your pistols then? take what you have, and all settled."

"Well, now, tell me what good are these men to us."

"Good! they know the thieves, if there are thieves; if not, thieves themselves! Now I pay them to be guards they not thieves, so we escape."

"But I do not see the uselessness of pistols, for anything you have said, Karoli."

"No! I tell you. If thieves not see pistols, and they large party, and we small party, they come up and say, 'Ah, gentlemans, we very glad to see

you; we have look for you long time. Now we meet, you give us good baksheesh!' Then you give them money; if not satisfied, give more; *then* they not rob you, but go on."

His advice was good. It is better for a party of robbers, *if you should meet such,* to *accept* a handsome baksheesh than to rifle your luggage, and they prefer it very much themselves; besides which, in such a case, they will send an escort with you to protect you against any other of the brethren who may be out on a marauding expedition.

In due time we got rid of our escort, and found ourselves at Menimen. Near this place an instance of devotional feeling struck me very forcibly. An old man, riding on an ass, came up to the fountain where we were refreshing ourselves and our horses. He seemed exhausted, and suffering intensely from thirst. To judge from his countenance he could not have gone on much further, for he looked ready to drop on the spot. Yet before he relieved his own wants, he led the ass to the trough, in which the poor beast plunged his head at once up to the eyes, as though in no other way could he get enough; and then turning

again towards the fountain, the old man spread his hands toward heaven, and I could see his parched lips moving, doubtless, in a prayer of fervent gratitude, before he took advantage of the flowing stream. I thought of the many passages of Scripture in which the unspeakable blessing of water is made the symbol of still higher and more enduring gifts, and lamented that these should be so little valued. When will the living water be prized as the sparkling fountain is in a thirsty land like this!

From Menimen a road branches off to Magnesia on the Hermus: this city is about eight leagues from Smyrna, and half that distance from Menimen, lying to the north-east, and southward of a fine plain rendered fertile by the waters of the Hermus, at the foot of the gigantic chain of Mount Sipylus, whose rent and naked sides present an aspect grandly and wildly beautiful. There is something varied and picturesque in the external appearance of Magnesia—a tall pointed mountain, crowned with the remains of its ancient acropolis, towers above the leaden cupolas, cypresses, and minarets which rise in the midst of the town.

This is one of the largest cities of the Lesser Asia, and has a great population, composed of Turks, Greeks, and Armenians. It carries on an extensive trade in cotton, corn, and tobacco; and for the benefit of those who smoke meerschaums, we add, that as the tobacco of Latakia is the best in Syria, so that of Magnesia is the most highly esteemed in Anatolia.

The governors of Magnesia belonged to a very powerful family, and it may be interesting to notice the rise of the Dérébeys, or lords of the valley. The first Turkish conquerors bestowed on the chiefs of their armies first small fiefs, and then large ones, with the view of providing for the safety of the empire, and rewarding military service. It was decreed by Amurath, the founder of the Janizaries, that fiefs should be hereditary in the male branches of the families, and return to the state only when the family was extinct. From this time instead of being merely proprietors as heretofore, the Dérébeys became more and more independent; they extended their power and consolidated it under the stormy reign of Amurath III.

As according to the Koran the earth belongs to God, who bestows it on whomsoever he wills, all property derived from the master of the universe belongs to the chief Iman (the Sultan), who is *his shadow upon earth,* and leaning on this precept of the Koran; and desirous of resuming fully his imperial authority, Mahmoud II. undertook some five and twenty years ago to destroy the power of these Beys, which he accomplished by sowing division among them, giving the title of Pacha to some of the young men of the feudal families, and bestowing on these newly-created Pachas the government of those provinces which had been enjoyed formerly by the Dérébeys.

Two of the latter refused obedience to the Sultan's will, and paid with their lives for this resistance. But Kara Osman Oglou submitted to the Sultan without resisting, and thus his family lost their ancient independence in Anatolia; they retained, however, the love and respect of the people, as much as in the time of their power, and as long as Mahmoud II. lived, respect for their race prevented him from placing either at Magnesia or Ghiuzel-Hissar, governors who were not of

the family. Since he died it is no longer their exclusive privilege to govern this part of Antolia.

Magnesia still retains some buildings worthy of a great Turkish city, for it was in the fifteenth century the residence of some of the Ottoman monarchs. There are baths and caravanseries; and amongst others, must be remarked the beautiful mosque constructed by Amurath II. He bequeathed to it immense riches, a part of which is devoted to the maintenance of two hospitals, a college for Moslem children, and two imarets, or public kitchens.

The recollection of this sovereign is preserved among the Turks of Magnesia as a model of valour and piety. "After a conquest," say they; "Sultan Amurath (may he rest in peace!) employed himself in the construction of mosques, khans, hospitals, public kitchens, and colleges. This magnificent emperor gave every year a thousand pieces of gold to the male descendants of the prophet, and two thousand to the holy cities of Mecca, Medina, and Jerusalem."

To the north of Magnesia, about two miles from the town, is a high tower, half demolished,

and covered with ivy and moss. This tower was the chosen retreat of Amurath, after the truce for ten years concluded with Hungary. Tired of the tumult of camps, and desirous to exchange the cares of the throne for the sweets of tranquillity, he said to his Vizier—

"For a long time my foot has been constantly in the stirrup, and my sword unsheathed, incessantly fighting for the advancement of religion; it is time that I should lay down my sovereignty, and in retirement seek communion with the Most High. I am resolved to consecrate the remainder of my life to meditation, and to lay my feet on the cushion of rest. What have I to do with arms and a crown? I will henceforward think only of washing away my errors with the tears of compunction; I will go and end my life in the bosom of tranquillity—there, I shall constantly study the Koran, and there I can praise the Eternal unceasingly! I will put away from me my perishable kingdom, and sow in the ground of my heart the seeds of the love of God. Let my august son Mohammed assume my place; may his reign be glorious and fortunate—and

while it lasts, may no unhappy beings be seen, no sigh of misery be heard!"

These sentiments obtained for the Moslem prince the title of "philosophic" from the sneering infidel Voltaire; a Christian prince who should have acted in the same way, would have been made the subject of his keenest ridicule. However, Amurath was obliged to quit his retreat, and put himself at the head of a large army to march against the Hungarians, who had violated a treaty they had sworn to execute; a treaty which one party had guaranteed by the most sacred oaths on the Gospel, and the others had sworn upon the Koran. Very soon, as the Turkish writer expresses it, "Victory, like a young bride, cast aside her veil, and revealed her radiant form to the eager eyes of the triumphant monarch." After this battle the victorious Amurath returned to his hermitage at Magnesia, and resumed the habit of a Dervish. But again, a revolution breaking out at Adrianople, this great man was forced for the third time to take the reins of government. He felt that he must continue on the throne, and sent his son to Magnesia, bid-

ding him wait till he was of maturer years before he should reign. The conquering Sultan retained his power whilst he lived.

To many readers these circumstances are well known, to some they will be new, and where historical associations are so interesting there is no necessity to pass them over.

The way now runs eastward. To the right is the chain of Mount Sipylus, to the left the plain watered by the Hermus, where the Syrian king Antiochus was conquered by Lucius Scipio, the consul, the brother of the renowned Scipio Africanus. The Hermus is sometimes called *Ghedis* by the Turks, because it rises not far from a city of Phrygia so named; its more general appellation is Sarabat. It pursues its course for sixty or seventy leagues, receiving on its way the streams of the Pactolus and Hyllus, and falls into the Gulf of Smyrna, between Phocea, which colonized Marseilles, and the ancient Cape of Malaga, now called Kara-Bournou.

At Menimen, said to be one of the most unhealthy towns in Asia Minor, we saw no remains of antiquity. At the khan where we rested, we

found a considerable number of persons assembled; and among them was a drunken Turk, the first and only specimen I saw in the country. His speech was thick and his gait unsteady; his comrades thrust him out more than once, but he contrived to creep in through the window again, levelling his discourse at us, calling us pigs, dogs, camels, and infidels, and saying all the uncivil things he could, without formally addressing us. He wore a green turban, too, which made the matter worse, because it showed that he claimed descent from the prophet, whose law he was thus shamelessly violating. I addressed him in English, telling him that he ought to be ashamed of himself; and that if his great ancestor saw him in this unholy predicament, he would be very apt to take off his green turban from his head, and to twist it about his neck. These remarks seemed to be received with great approbation, and a young Turk took the old sinner by the arm, and led him, much reluctant, out of the room.

"Ask the young man," said I to Karoli, "why he submits to so many kicks and cuffs from the old rascal?"

Karoli did so.

"He is an old man," was the impressive reply.

I noticed that the cafidgee had a row of somewhat medical-looking bottles on a shelf, in a very conspicuous part of his establishment.

"What are those?" I asked.

"Brandy, Rum, and Hollands," said Karoli.

I wished to try what kind of spirits a place so little frequented could produce. The rum was execrable; the brandy the same aniseed-flavoured compound I have before noticed; the hollands some nondescript kind of alcohol, but infinitely more nauseous than the other two. A part of my wonder disappeared, when I understood that this last-named abomination was "real cognac made in Smyrna!"

As we were about leaving, I hastily ran to Karoli, who was looking after our horses, and called him back, as a small party of Turks had got possession of our pistols; and, not being versed in the mysteries of hair-triggers, might perhaps shoot one another unawares.

"Will they hurt the pistols?" said Karoli:—

"Oh, never mind the pistols, come at once, for they will shoot themselves."

"Oh, that all," said Karoli, evidently much relieved, "no matter—only Turks!"

Our ride through Menimen, was in the midst of a swarm of hornets: gnats by the river side, pulgas or chinches in a Castilian or Lusitanian bed, bees following a tin-kettle in the swarming season, could not be more numerous; they flew against us and our horses like chafers on a summer evening, and yet no one was stung! The insect seems to have acquired in this country a great deal of that virulence which distinguishes it, for in the east it is by no means irritable. I once thought that this kind was not a venomous insect, but I caught one, and found the sting even larger than that of the European hornet. I afterwards learned, that though generally harmless, it was a formidable antagonist when provoked.

From Menimen, we rode down to the edge of the gulf of Smyrna; Menimen wharf, as it is called, is about ten or twelve miles from the town bearing the same name: there we took a boat, and sailed over the gulf. Sari gave us a great

deal of trouble, being evidently averse to the sea, but at last we got him into the boat, and hoisted a latteen sail. We saw Philippos and Havordik standing and waving their hands, as long as we could be distinguished, and then they led our horses round to Smyrna. It was with much thankfulness to God, that we saw the white lines of the city extending along the water's edge, and reflected on the many interesting spots which we had been permitted to visit. In half an hour more we were at Milles' Hotel.

CHAPTER X.

THE FOURTH CHURCH—THYATIRA—PRESENT STATE OF—REMAINS OF ANCIENT CHURCH—SCATTERED REMAINS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD—KHAN IN THYATIRA—LIGHTNING—THE APOCALYPTIC EPISTLE TO THYATIRA—JEZEBEL—NICOLAITANS—REMARKS ON—INNER SENSE OF THE EPISTLE—ROAD FROM THYATIRA TO PERGAMOS—BAKIR—SOMA—KIRKAGATCH—ALARMING ACCIDENT—MOUNTAIN SCENERY—MAGNIFICENT DEFILE—MOUNTAIN TORRENT.

THE road from Marmora to Thyatira presents comparatively little that is interesting; and the city itself has no remarkable remains to exhibit. Rich in fragments, indeed, it is; but though a site at a short distance is called the Palace of the Cæsars, there is nothing which can be identified, nor, indeed, can conjecture go far. For miles, on all sides of the city, capitals and bases of columns—sarcophagi, and their lids—baths, and other precious remains of antiquity, are used profusely, as well-tops and watering-troughs; and architectural ornaments are built into the walls of many houses, but no remains of any one great building can be traced.

As we approached the town it began to rain heavily, and there appeared every probability that a severe thunder-storm would soon come on.

Under such circumstances, the khan at Akhissar, or white castle—for so the Turks call the ancient Thyatira—was a welcome refuge. The rain continued to pour in torrents, and the lightning was terrific. Scarcely had we seated ourselves at our movable table, when the whole place was shaken as if by the shock of an earthquake; a dazzling flash of vivid violet filled the atmosphere, and I distinctly felt the current of the electric fluid pouring through me. Scarcely a second afterwards came a peal of thunder, "clashing like brazen shields" (as the thunder was proverbially said to do at Ephesus), and lasting for upwards of three minutes. They made but a poor protection, but I immediately closed the wooden shutters, and trusting to the care of a merciful Providence we returned to our repast, and had the satisfaction of finding the storm speedily abate, so that we slept in peace.

The Apocalyptic message to the church at Thyatira is of a deeply interesting character; it

shows a state in which evil was *permitted*. With more of zeal and earnestness there was more of actual corruption; and though the allusion to Jezebel did no doubt refer, in the first place, to a living woman, yet the establishment of the Church of Rome is, I cannot help thinking, plainly hinted at here. This too will define the historical period predicted, and will restrict it to the first establishment of a papacy, claiming at once civil power and universal Episcopacy. Spiritually the esoteric meaning is yet more easy to ascertain. This too applies, like the epistle to Pergamos, not to all believers in the same extent, but there is a popery of the heart which has its place in all, and against which we cannot be too solemnly or too frequently warned.

There are considerable difficulties in the way of understanding the Epistle to the fourth Church. The mention of "Jezebel," and of "the Nicolaitans," both require investigation.

Correctly translated, the passage alluding to Jezebel may be translated thus:—

"But I have somewhat against thee, that thou dost leave unrestrained thy wife Jezebel, who de-

clareth herself (to be) a prophetess, and teacheth and leadeth astray my servants to commit fornication, and to eat things sacrificed to idols."

Jezebel, the name of Ahab's idolatrous wife, who exercised such an unhappy influence over him, is here plainly to be understood as a symbolical name, but it is also very expressive. The woman here denoted had, as it appears, an influence on some in the Church, like to that of Jezebel on her husband. The principal difficulty lies in calling this woman *thy wife*. Is it to be understood that she was the wife merely of the pastor or bishop of the Church, or she is by a strong figure called "the wife" of the Church at large, who are addressed through the medium of the bishop? If the bishop only were addressed, we should be obliged to suppose that his particular wife was here actually meant. But as it seems to be certain that the whole Church are addressed, it is evident that this expression can refer only to some woman in it whose influence was great, and also very corrupting. It would seem to be the intimate relation that the woman spoken of sustains to the Church, that causes the

appellation *thy wife;* the Church had power to *divorce* her (if we may keep up the metaphor); and considering her character and efforts they are reproved for not doing so.

The heresy taught in this case appears to be the same as that referred to in chap. ii. 6, and chap. ii. 14, 15. The woman in question, whose real name (probably from motives of delicacy) is withheld, was evidently one who assumed the office of a public teacher. In the primitive age it was sometimes a matter of fact that women taught and spoke in public; and of this we have many proofs in Scripture.* St. Paul in one place merely regulates public speaking by females when it takes place; but in another† he forbids it because it leads to indecorum and disorder. Under the ancient dispensation there were prophetesses,—as Miriam, Deborah, Huldah, &c.; and the like under the new.‡ Whether the Jezebel in this case did herself *practise* what she taught is not, perhaps, expressly said; but it seems to be somewhat plainly intimated (ver. 23);

* 1 Cor. xi. 5. † 1 Cor. xiv. 35; and 1 Tim. i. 11, 12.
‡ Acts xxi. 9; 1 Cor. xi. 5.

and indeed it is scarcely possible to suppose that a woman would teach such things without practising them. Practice, it is to be feared, must precede such a thorough depravation of principle and abandonment of modesty and decency.

It appears that the error in question had also been of some standing. Forbearance had already been exercised, but the time was now come that other measures would be resorted to, and punishment of the severest kind is threatened to be inflicted upon the false teacher, and also upon her children, or those who had imbibed her sinful doctrines. Treason has in almost all countries of the East been followed by the extirpation of the whole family connected with the culprit; and the allusion in the words, "I will kill her children with death," would seem to refer to the capital punishment usually consequent on high misdemeanours.

In this Epistle, too, we find reference made, as well as in that of Ephesus, to the Nicolaitans, a designation which has given rise to much discussion and conjecture both in ancient and modern times. Irenæus is the first of the Chris-

tian fathers who mentions this sect. He traces it to Nicolaus, one of the seven deacons mentioned in Acts vi. 5. Clement of Alexandria allows that the name of these sectaries was derived from him; but alleges that it was improperly assumed by them, their principles being founded on gross misconceptions of certain expressions which Nicolaus had let fall. Tertullian speaks of the Nicolaitans as a branch of the Gnostic family, and they certainly held many of their opinions in common with that sect. They inculcated celibacy, so that not only was a man forbidden to marry, but was constrained to put away his wife, if already married. But they taught not purity of life, considering personal virtue a matter of indifference, and hence in general led very profligate lives.

Eusebius says that the heresy of the Nicolaitans lasted but a short time, while Irenæus, Epiphanius, and others seem to speak of the sect as still in existence and of a proselyting spirit. It is impossible to reconcile these conflicting opinions, and the aspect of the whole matter is such as to show that various floating reports give rise to these patristical

traditions respecting the Nicolaitans. Vitringa rejects the whole with scorn so far as Nicolaus, one of the seven deacons, is concerned. Mosheim, instead of strenuously defending the origin of the sect from Nicolaus, considers the matter a doubtful one. He thinks it most probable that the Nicolaitans of Epiphanius and the later fathers were a branch of the Gnostics, and so named from some leader among them called Nicolaus. However this may be, it seems quite clear that nothing definite can be gathered from ecclesiastical history respecting the existence and character of a sect bearing the appellation of Nicolaitans during the primitive age of Christianity.

Most commentators, therefore, since the days of Vitringa have preferred another method of solving the difficulty now before us; and this is, to consider the name Nicolaitans as symbolical, like that of Balaam and Jezebel.* If the Nicolaitans were like those who are mentioned in verses 14, 15 (and this likeness the latter verse asserts), and if they taught (like Balaam), that it was lawful to eat things offered to idols, and to

* Rev. ii. 1, 15, 20.

commit fornication, they might well be named *Balaamites, i. e.* Nicolaitans, the names bearing the same signification. It was common among the early Hebrew Christians to give persons of Hebrew origin a Greek name corresponding in sense to their Hebrew one.

The opinion of most commentators belonging to this class is, that the writer of the epistle merely applies such a name, in a symbolical or figurative way, to the party who are stigmatized in the present case.

The manner in which the appellation (Nicolaitans) is used here and in verse 15, would seem to import that the name was current in the churches at Ephesus and Pergamos; that there were some persons in these churches who practised the vices mentioned, and that the same immoralities were practised also at Thyatira. Now as these were the very same vices into which the Israelites of old fell,* and into which they fell, as it would seem, through the devices of *Balaam*; so those who practised them were called *Balaamites*,—Nicolaitans in Greek, as above stated.

* Numb. xxv. 1—3; 1 Cor. x. 7—8.

Whether some person by the name of Nicolaus was actually their leader, or whether mere popular impulse, guided by the nature of the case, invented and bestowed the appellation, must remain an uncertainty. Nor can it be of any importance to determine this. As to the use of such a sect among Christians, one would indeed naturally think it to be strange. Yet the *abuse* of some declarations St. Paul makes,* might easily, among the ignorant and viciously inclined, give rise to the indiscriminate eating of meats offered to idols, and to the indulgence of carnal desires. Still these very things had been expressly forbidden by the Apostles,† and therefore such vices are mentioned here, as we might well expect, with an expression of severe displeasure against them. This view of the case seems to afford the most natural and easy solution of the difficulty in regard to the passage before us; and by taking this course we are unembarrassed with the obstacles that lie in the way, tracing this heresy to Nicolaus, one of the seven deacons, while we still educe from the passage a very significant meaning.

* 1 Cor. vi. 12; viii. 4; x. 25. † Acts xv. 29; xxi. 25.

The road from Thyatira to Pergamos passes over Mount Temnus, and exhibits some of the most romantic specimens of mountain scenery that Asia Minor affords. Under precipitous heights, and by the side of ravines as precipitous, with the rocks above and below piled up in a thousand fantastic forms, with the mountain pine and the ash clustered together in little nooks here and there, the road winds along, if road that may be called which has received little aid from art to redeem it from the wildness of primeval nature. Indeed in many places it has been left entirely to Providence, and the traveller has to ride among loose blocks of stone of all sizes, from six to sixty inches in diameter, along a ledge a few feet wide, with the steep rocks overhanging him and the torrent roaring a hundred feet below. There is very little traffic,—astonishingly little when the size and population of Bakir, Kirkagatch and Soma are considered, which lie on the road in the order mentioned above.

Scarcely had we got clear of the mountains and out into the plain in which these towns are

situated, having the river Caicus at a short distance before them, and the mountain ridge, on the slopes of which they are built, behind them, when the rain began to fall, and speedily increased till it came down in torrents such as we do not often see in this country. A few moments sufficed to convert us and our horses into "running streams;" while the thunder clouds, rolling down from the mountains and enveloping their summits in pitchy blackness, soon covered the plain of the Caicus with their own sombre hue. The lightning was blinding, and though we felt that the danger was diminished by the continued and violent rain, yet we were far from feeling at ease till safely lodged in the khan at Kirkagatch.

Here we endeavoured to get our apparel dried, an attempt only partially successful, for we found that our suridjees considered the best way of drying a wet cloak was to hang it up in the rain. We succeeded in obtaining a chafing-dish of charcoal, and placing a few of our wet garments round this we got them half dry by morning, and ourselves half dead with damp. This evil is one which must be borne with patience. The natives

only prepare for fine weather, and neither in their houses nor in any of their arrangements is anything else calculated on.

Our night's rest at Kirkagatch was likely to have produced disagreeable results. To dry our wet apparel, we got, as we have just observed, a large brazier of heated charcoal; unluckily, this was by some accident upset, and some of the things which we attempted to dry were dried too effectually to be of any use afterwards. The matting on the floor was burnt, and some of the lighted embers fell through a hole into the apartment below. Our alarm may easily be conceived when we were told that the place underneath was a granary, — that the grain was covered with a thatch of straw,—and that our lighted charcoal had no doubt fallen on this inflammable material. The khangee came up, but he seemed to take the matter very coolly; he had not got the key, and he could not get it;—the corn belonged to the government;—the governor had the key, and the governor must not be troubled;—it was more than he dared to break open the door;—he would not let the flooring be taken up, for that would be

the same thing; and, finally,—we need not be under any apprehension, *for the thatch was covered with earth!*

We put on in the morning our half-dry clothes, and had at least the satisfaction of knowing, that if we had enjoyed the fire of an English farm kitchen, or such a brisk furnace as we found at Soller, we should have been none the better for it, since in half-an-hour after quitting Kirkagatch we were in precisely the same condition as we had been the night before.

Towards afternoon it cleared up, and the plain of the Caicus became exceedingly beautiful as we approached Pergamos. I laid my cloak on one of our baggage horses to dry in the sun, and it slipped off. When the loss was discovered, Karoli rode back to look for it, and it was not long before he found a shepherd who had it neatly rolled up under his arms. The finder was unwilling to surrender his prize, but Karoli informed him that if the cloak was not at once given up, *he* should be under the painful necessity of beating him to a mummy, and then giving him up to the Turkish authorities. There was no resisting argu-

ments like these, and Karoli brought back the missing cloak in triumph. Under the hill of the Acropolis, and just before the entrance into Pergamos, the Caicus is passed on a bridge of three arches of Roman work; and save that the pathway over it is broken up to suit the general style adopted in the country, it is in better preservation than could be expected.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FIFTH CHURCH—SARDIS—SKETCH OF ITS HISTORY—ANCIENT MAGNIFICENCE—CHURCH OF THE PANAGIA—CHURCH OF ST. JOHN—TEMPLE OF CYBELE—RIVER PACTOLUS—ABUNDANT INSECTS—PALACE OF CRŒSUS—ANCIENT LYDIAN KINGS—TUMULI OF ALYATTES AND OTHERS—GYGÆAN LAKE—APOCALYPTIC EPISTLE TO SARDIS—INNER SENSE—ROAD FROM SARDIS TO MARMORA—THE KATAKEKAUMENE—EARTHQUAKES IN ASIA MINOR—SHOCKS OF, FELT IN SMYRNA—MARMORA, ITS MOSQUES—KHAN-LEECHES—AN ITALIAN MONOPOLIST—ROAD FROM MARMORA TO THYATIRA.

If we were to confine our studies only to ancient history, romance itself could not equal the brilliant scenes, the grandeur, the pageantry and the power which are unrolled before us; and were we to peruse the pages of modern history alone, how dry, how insipid, how wanting in the attractions of ancient times would it appear! but let the two be blended together, and the one becomes an illustration of the other; and when, above all, we have viewed those spots on which some of the most striking scenes that ever attracted the world's attention have been enacted, then chiefly we can

view both the past and the present with a mixture of awe and admiration, of devotion and faith. Let the infidel visit the regions we are describing, with the Bible in his hand—let him compare the written page of the one with the silent characters deeply traced on the page of the world, and he will be ready to exclaim, "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief!"

Sart, as the Turks now call it, or Sardis of old, is one of the most interesting and impressive remnants of the ancient world. Sardis, the capital of the kingdom of Lydia,—Sardis, the seat of early Christianity,—both speak impressively to the feelings, and require something more than a slight passing comment.

Sardis was in early times the capital of the kingdom of Lydia, whose kings reigned by hereditary right, and were most despotic in their sway. For many ages the history of Lydia is obscured by fables; but from that obscurity emerged a race of proud and valiant monarchs, who rendered their subjects enterprising and warlike. By the power of their arms they subdued the neighbouring countries, nor was it until the

conquest of Lydia by the Persians that they became an enervated, luxurious people, and it was to one of their own monarchs that this change was due.

It appears from Herodotus, that Cyrus, with that implicit trust and confidence which is a distinguishing feature in characters of a noble stamp, had confided the care of the gold which had been heaped up by Crœsus in his treasury at Sardis to a Lydian named Pactyas. Strengthened by the riches in his care, Pactyas excited a rebellion, and the Lydians revolted against their conqueror. Though Cyrus was directing the force of his army against the Babylonians, Bactrians and Egyptians at that very moment, he determined to return to Lydia, enslave the people, and end at once the existence of that country as a nation.

Learning this intention from Cyrus himself, whose captive he was, the dethroned monarch implored him to forgive the people, and to revenge himself on Pactyas alone, the exciter of the revolt. So far, so well; but Crœsus counselled the victorious Cyrus to forbid the Lydians henceforward the use of arms, and as they were naturally

inclined to luxury and licentiousness, to encourage them in those vicious propensities. He advised him to let the rising generation be encouraged only in such trades and pursuits as tended most to enervate the mind, and repress that bravery for which the Lydians had for ages been so remarkable, as by these means all danger of any future rebellion would be extinguished. That Cyrus should find this advice worthy of attention we can easily believe. He was no bloodthirsty tyrant, it spared further bloodshed, and was more complete in its ruinous effects than even his own original plan of selling the people for slaves. Thus, ere many years had elapsed, the hardy nation which Crœsus and his predecessors had led forth conquering and to conquer, became the most enfeebled and degenerate race on the earth.

The people of this country, or *Ludim*, were descended from Lud, the son of Shem, and must not be mistaken for the descendants of Lud, the son of Misraim, who settled and dwelt in Egypt. These latter were the nation alluded to by Jeremiah, when he speaks of "the Lydians that handle the bow."

Their religion was gross idolatry. They paid worship to Diana under the name of Sipylene, and they also adored at Magnesia or Magnissa Jupiter and Cybele. This respect paid to Diana appears from a circumstance recorded on the Arundelian marbles, that on an alliance between Smyrna and Magnesia being concluded, both parties swore by the goddess Sipylene. The temple to Diana Leucophryene at Magnesia, is described as rivalling in splendour the temple of the Diana of the Ephesians.

In their expiatory sacrifices they nearly resembled the Greeks. The atonement began by the sacrifice of some young animal, a pig in general, with the blood of which the murderer was sprinkled, and then lustrations of holy water completed the expiatory rites, with the salted cake and libations, while the person to be absolved repeated prayers and vows.

It may at first sight seem singular that this idea of sacrificing an innocent animal to turn away the wrath of Heaven from a guilty human being should have prevailed in the heathen world from the remotest antiquity. But though crushed

and hidden under new forms and an erring faith, there has never been a nation of idolaters, whether of old times or of our own, that did not possess in its ceremonies, its myths, and its blind devotion, the germ and traces of the original religion of mankind. The true meanings were lost in the lapse of ages, except among God's own peculiar people, but the traditionary remembrance of the type hovered like a bright cloud over the temples and altars of the heathen.

The mighty remains of their ruined temples prove that their devotion, though erring, was grateful and unsparing; and another striking lesson conveyed in the destruction of these mighty piles, is the *irresistible power of God's word.* All that was denounced against the Pagan world *has* come to pass; the great temple of the Ephesian goddess is hardly traceable, the temple of Diana Leucophryene is a heap of stones. Everywhere denunciation — everywhere fulfilment. Let us take warning by the past. A mightier sacrifice than any of old has been made for the world; oh that for us it may not have been made in vain!

The Greek writers attribute to the Lydians the

invention of coining the precious metals, and also of those games which the Romans called *Ludi*, and which prevailed in Greece at the time of Herodotus. There was another part of the polity of ancient Lydia which ought to be imitated in every Christian land,—their manner of bringing up their children. There was a Lydian law which caused them to be hardily educated, and punished for being idle as if they had committed a crime. Of course this took effect, and was adhered to by the Lydians before that moral degradation consequent on the conquest and policy of Cyrus. It was probably this industrious education which rendered some of their private men so rich: indeed, their riches would seem almost fabulous, did we not see in our own days what colossal fortunes are acquired by commerce; and the commerce of the Lydians must have been extensive and prosperous, their country being well situated for it, and their rivers washing down gold from the mountains.

A Lydian, named Pythias, is said to have entertained Xerxes and his troops while he was on his march towards Greece, and even offered him a sum sufficient to defray the expenses of the war.

He was considered one of the richest men in that part of the world next to the sovereigns.

As to Crœsus, whose very name is become a by-word for wealth, he is more remarkable for his golden splendour, and his great reverse of fortune, than for his qualities of heart or mind. He caused a number of couches, adorned with gold and silver, goblets, and vests of royal purple, to be consumed together as an offering to the Delphian god, hoping thus to propitiate the divinity of the shrine; and when the offering was concluded, as the gold had run together into a mass, he formed of it a quantity of tiles, which, with a golden lion, were placed in the temple of Apollo. Afterwards, on the destruction of the Delphian shrine by fire, these golden treasures were removed to Corinth, but were subsequently seized by the Phocians to defray the expenses of the Holy War.

There was also with these valuables a statue in gold, three cubits in height, of a woman, said to have been honoured thus by Crœsus for having saved his life: for as Crœsus was the son of Alyattes by his first wife, the second wife wished to remove him to make way for the succession of her own

children, and gave a female baker some poison to be put into the bread destined for Crœsus. The woman, instead of doing this, advertised him of the plan, and gave the poisoned bread to the children of his step-mother. Thus Crœsus was secured in his hereditary right; and to mark his gratitude, he caused a statue of gold to be made of the bread-maker, and presented it also to the temple at Delphi, thus hoping probably to create a lasting record of his gratitude. Ephesus, Miletus, Thebes, all shared his magnificent offerings. From Strabo we learn that his great wealth was derived, in part, from some mines which were situated between Pergamos and Atarus, and from the golden sands of the Pactolus.

Such was the beginning of the reign of Crœsus, who at first shared his sovereignty with his elder brother, till some unfortunate suspicions being infused into his mind, he deposed this brother and reigned alone. During some years he went on subduing nation after nation, and adding splendour to splendour; the Cilicians and the Lycians alone escaped his domination. It was in the tenth year of his reign that he received that

visit from the Athenian philosopher and legislator, Solon, which, though so often alluded to, can never be cited too often. In a triumphant manner Crœsus asked him whom he regarded as the happiest of men! The replies of the sage were in praise of virtue, of men of whom Crœsus had never heard, and whom he would have coldly passed by; but when his impatience to be pronounced the happiest of mankind led him to ask plainly the question, "Am not I happy?" Solon replied, "Call no man happy till you know how he died: it is a vain wish to look at the event of things, for the gods often overwhelm with misery those who have formerly been placed at the highest point of felicity." This pleased not Crœsus; Solon was treated with indifference, and left the court. After he was gone Crœsus was assailed by affliction; he lost his second and favourite son, Atys; and though his fortune had reached its acme, from that time he knew no happiness; he mourned two years for his son, and then was aroused to action by the increasing grandeur of Persia, and the advancing power of Cyrus.

To check these was now his aim, but in the

endeavour to compass this point he brought on his own ruin. The lying and ambiguous oracles which he consulted all tended to confirm him in his intention; and though joined by the forces of his allies, the Egyptians, Babylonians, and others, he was beaten by Cyrus, and forced to retreat to Sardis. This city, from its great strength, induced Crœsus to hope that a long protracted siege might weary the Persians and force them to retire when winter came on; but the next night the city was taken, Cyrus entered as conqueror, and made Crœsus prisoner. With his wonted humanity, he protected the city, and saved the inhabitants from being plundered by the ruthless soldiery, upon the condition of their quietly surrendering their treasures.

And now the words of Solon were realized: Crœsus, with some young Lydians, was by the orders of Cyrus bound in fetters, and about to be burned alive on a pile of wood, when his exclamation of "Oh Solon! Solon!" arrested the attention of Cyrus, and saved the captive. So far Herodotus: but this seems at variance, in some respects, with the character of Cyrus. He

had desired that Crœsus should be taken alive, and afterwards treated him with kindness and even friendship; prohibiting him, according to Xenophon, none of his former enjoyments, with the exception of wars; so that with his wife, his daughters, his friends, his attendants, and his usual indulgences, Crœsus seems again to have considered himself a happy man. There is little or nothing in his individual character to interest us; the man who counsels the moral destruction of the nation once his own, could possess no nobility of mind, and Sardis itself is more interesting than her king.

The city was magnificently situated on one of the roots of Mount Tmolus, which commands to the northward an extensive view of the valley of the Hermus, and the country beyond it. To the south of the city, in a small plain watered by the Pactolus, stood the temple of Cybele, built of coarse whitish marble. The western front was on the bank of the river, the eastern under the impending heights of the Acropolis. Two columns of the exterior order of the east front, and one column of the portico of the pronaos, were stand-

ing with their capitals entire a few years ago; the two former then supported the stone of the architrave, which stretched from the centre of one column to the centre of the other. The last-named of the three is now prostrate, and the stone of the architrave has fallen from the former two, displacing one of the capitals in its fall. The columns are buried nearly to half their height in the soil which has accumulated in the valley since their erection, chiefly, it is probable, by the destruction of the hill of the Acropolis, which is continually crumbling, and which presents a most rugged and fantastic outline. About forty years ago, three other columns of the temple were standing, and they were thrown down by the Turks, for the sake of the gold which they expected to find in the joints. Besides the two standing columns which I have mentioned, there are truncated portions of four others belonging to the eastern front, of one belonging to the portico of the pronaos, together with a part of the wall of the cella. When it is considered that these remains are twenty-five feet above the soil, it cannot be doubted that an excavation

would expose the greater part of the building. Even now, however, there is sufficient above the soil to give an idea of the dimensions of the temple, and to show that it was one of the most magnificent in Ionia; for though in extent it was inferior to those of Juno at Samos, and of Apollo at Branchidæ, the proportions of the order are at least equal to those of the former, and exceed those of the latter.

"The capital appeared to me," says Mr. Cockerell, "to surpass any specimen of the Ionic I had seen, in perfection of design and execution. I suppose the temple to have been an octostyle dipterus, with seventeen columns in the flanks; the flutings are not continued in any of the columns below the capitals, which I conceive to be a proof that this temple, like that of Apollo Didymeus, was never finished. The great height of the architrave, the peculiar style of the design and workmanship, and the difference of intercolumnia in the faces and flanks of the peristyle, I cannot but regard as tokens of high antiquity; and perhaps we may consider as no less so, the vast size of the stones employed in the

architrave, and the circumstance of their being single stones, whereas, in the other temples and in the Parthenon, there were two blocks in the same situation. In subsequent times, the durability ensured by this massive mode of construction was sacrificed for appearance, and for a more easy result."

And if Sardis be so full of grand associations as a pagan city, how much grander does she appear when ennobled by Christianity; and how impressive is her present desolation, when we remember the denunciations against her in the Apocalypse, and how awfully and literally they have been fulfilled!

A very short time suffices for inspecting the remains of this once noted city. Behind the mill may be seen the remains of a church once dedicated to the Virgin; it appears to have been constructed with columns and capitals which once belonged to the Temple of Cybele. To the north of this mill are some other ruins, being probably those of a church which tradition dedicates to St. John. If the fate of Crœsus himself be striking as a moral lesson, that of his city is not less so. In the midst of the site of the town appear

some strong brick walls, which are thought to be the remains of the Gerusia, once the palace of that renowned monarch; its foundations extend widely around, and now this once kingly dwelling serves as a shelter for cattle.

The acropolis, to the south of the ruined palace, is on a pointed mountain, with a triple enclosure of walls, whose solidity seems to bid defiance to time; and on the summit of this mountain is the watch-tower constructed by the Persians. Nothing remains of the Temple of Olympian Jupiter, built by Alexander; but at some distance to the south-west of the mill, are the most beautiful relics of the ancient city,—the ruins of the Temple of Cybele, already noticed.

And this is all that remains of Sardis, where Crœsus her king deified wealth; and now this splendid spot, called once "the second Rome," is plunged in poverty and silence;—commerce has vanished,—the gold of Pactolus is no more,—a wretched tent is all we find at Sardis!

A recent traveller, Sir Emerson Tennant, who lodged there for a night, gives a description of the scene by moonlight, which I cannot forbear

to transcribe, for the passage is as accurate as it is beautiful, and the work in which it occurs is no longer attainable:—"Every object was as distinct as in a northern twilight; the snowy summit of the mountain (Tmolus), the long sweep of the valley, and the flashing current of the river (Pactolus). I strolled along towards the banks of the Pactolus, and seated myself by the side of the half-exhausted stream.

"There are few individuals who cannot trace on the map of their memory some moments of overpowering emotion, and some scene, which, once dwelt upon, has become its own painter, and left behind it a memorial that time could not efface. I can readily sympathise with the feelings of him who wept at the base of the Pyramids; nor were my own less powerful on that night, when I sat beneath the sky of Asia to gaze upon *the ruins of Sardis,* from the banks of the golden-sanded Pactolus. Beside me were the cliffs of the Acropolis, which, centuries before, the hardy Median scaled, while leading on the conquering Persians, whose tents had covered the very spot on which I was reclining. Before me were the vestiges of

what had been the palace of the gorgeous Crœsus; within its walls were once congregated the wisest of mankind—Thales, Cleobulus, and Solon. It was here that the wretched father mourned above the mangled corse of his beloved Atys; it was here that the same humiliated monarch wept at the feet of the Persian boy, who wrung from him his kingdom. Far in the distance were the gigantic *tumuli* of the Lydian monarchs, Candaules, Alyattes, and Gyges; and around them were spread those very plains, once trodden by the countless hosts of Xerxes, when hurrying on to find a sepulchre at Marathon.

"There were more varied and more vivid remembrances associated with the sight of Sardis than could possibly be attached to any other spot of earth; but all were mingled with a feeling of disgust at the littleness of human glory! all, all, had passed away! There were before me the fanes of a dead religion, the tombs of forgotten monarchs, and the palm-tree that waved in the banquet-hall of kings; while the feeling of desolation was doubly heightened by the calm sweet sky above me, which, in its unfading brightness,

shone as purely now as when it beamed upon the golden dreams of Crœsus."

We saw some caravans of camels, led on by a horse, instead of an ass as is usual, a sight which, however common now, must have been once strange indeed, for it was on these plains that Cyrus obtained his victory over Crœsus, and as some historians relate, principally from the horror with which the horses of that time regarded the camel. By some this story has been doubted, but substitute the word *terror* for horror or antipathy, and it becomes probable enough. The horses of the Lydian army had never seen camels; and as the horse is the most nervous of animals, it is not surprising that those on which the Lydians were mounted should take fright on beholding the uncouth form of the camel, with its singular motion, and swaying neck. At present the Arab courser and the camel are brought up together, so that a companionship is established between them.

One thing which struck me very forcibly at Sardis was the vast number of insects; the stones and shrubs were covered with a kind of scarlet

bug, very flat, with black triangular spots. We saw none of them flying, but there must have been many millions about. Grasshoppers, too, with scarlet wings, were abundant, and lizards by swarms running in all directions about the rock.

Those who reach Sardis from Magnesia on the Hermus, arrive after four hours' riding at Papasleh, (or the Village of *Papas*.) This place contains about a hundred houses, all Greek. These Greeks are not the possessors of the lands which they cultivate; but they pay, first, a manorial tax of five piastres on every square of forty-five feet, and then the Governor of Magnesia claims the tithe of every crop; such is the administration of all the Greek villages belonging to the Pachalic. The papas of the Asiatic villages buy their ordination, and are moreover in this diocese obliged to pay every year the sum of 605 piastres to the Bishop of Philadelphia; the papa is responsible for any actions committed by the rayahs, as regards the Turkish government; thus the Greek priests possess both civil and religious authority over their flocks. A Turk lives among them to collect the taxes.

Leaving this village, it takes about four hours to reach the eastern extremity of Mount Sipylus; then, having passed through two Turkish villages, the traveller beholds, on a wide plain, the royal Necropolis of Lydia, comprising a vast number of tumuli of a conical form. Those who proceed northward, as we did, come to this plain about three quarters of an hour after leaving Sardis. Amongst these sepulchres of the ancient world, one towers above the rest, and points out the resting-place of Alyattes, the son of Gyges, and the father of Crœsus. This colossal tomb is more than two hundred feet high, and six furlongs in circumference; enormous blocks of free-stone are said to form its base.

The Tomb of Alyattes is mentioned by Herodotus as the largest in Lydia; it was exceeded in grandeur only by the edifices of ancient Babylon, and the Pyramids. He tells us that this tomb, which is like a hill in appearance, was constructed by three different classes of people, one of which was composed of courtezans; he had seen on the summit or top of the sepulchre of the Lydian monarch, five blocks of marble, bearing,

in Greek characters, inscriptions describing what had been done by each class, and from them it appeared that the greater part of this vast monument had been the work of those women. In Lydia there existed a custom, alluded to by Herodotus as prevailing occasionally also in Egypt,—the young girls of that country were allowed to exercise this hateful profession in order to obtain a fortune! This would give them a right to choose a husband. In Egypt some special object was to be gained, instances of which are related by the same historian.

At a little distance, northward of the Necropolis of the Lydian kings, is the Gygean Lake, termed the Lake of Coloa by Strabo, from a Temple of Diana Coloanna, which once stood upon its banks. It would take about two hours to go round the lake. On the north, and to the west, it is bound by grey mountains, not very thickly wooded; there are also some fishermen's huts on the eastern side of the lake, and we saw a few barks fastened to the shore, for this lake abounds in fish.

Some beautiful swans floated over the water,

and other aquatic birds were skimming the surface of the lake by thousands. This lake itself is said to be artificial, and to have been dug in the reign of Gyges (whence its name), to receive the overflow of the Hermus and the Pactolus; and perhaps the very mould used in constructing the Lydian tumuli was taken from the valley where the peaceful waves of the Gygean Lake are now flowing.

We noticed here several remarkably fine eagles, but, though the country is wild and thinly inhabited, they would not allow us to come within shot of them. A kind of gull seemed to be very common; they were like those which Dr. Chandler noticed, white with black heads. There are no remains of the temple once dedicated to Diana; but in a cemetery, a little on the lake side of Marmora, there were many fragments of antiquity made use of as tombstones. In this temple, which was considered as one of peculiar sanctity, it was said, that the baskets used in the service of the goddess danced spontaneously on the day of her chief festival.

It is remarkable, that whenever we find temples

in the west of Asia Minor, there is sure to be one at least of Diana. In all the great cities,—Ephesus, Sardis, Pergamos, Magnesia,—remains of such temples are to be seen. Well might the town-clerk of Ephesus claim for the "Great Diana" the chief worship of Asia!

The apocalyptic epistle to Sardis brings us to a period naturally resulting from the last. The corruption *permitted* has become incorporated, and we see the state of the Church depicted in colours so unfavourable, that but *a few* names remain "even in Sardis." These were the witnesses for the truth, who, even within the bosom of the Roman apostasy, were seekers after God. They were the forerunners and the first workers of the reformation, and they were "worthy." The middle ages, from the establishment of the Papacy to the era of the reformation, will be, then, the historical period predicted here. And spiritually, the consequences of any indulgence in that popery of the heart, spoken of under the head of the epistle to Thyatira, is shown in a way equally plain and melancholy in the message to Sardis.

When we arrived at Marmora, I was somewhat

surprised at seeing standing before the door of the khan a European, very dirty and shabby, but in his country's attire. I addressed him at a venture in Italian, and found that he was an Italian: he had purchased from the Sultan's government the monopoly of leeches, and was making a rapid fortune. Leeches are extremely common in all the low-lands of Anatolia; our horses were continually getting them into their mouths. Karoli said that the loss of blood did them no harm, but the appearance was very frightful. It is well for the traveller to look before he drinks, for it is not *only* horses who suffer from them.

Marmora is a pleasant village with two mosques, and a rustic homely air; the scenery about it is very English too, and the people, as usual, civil and obliging. I had several gather round me while I was sketching, and as they recognised the mosques and other objects, they clapped their hands and exclaimed, "Very good!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE SIXTH CHURCH—PHILADELPHIA—ROAD FROM PHILADELPHIA TO LAODICEA—CATAKEKAUMENE—TURKISH NAME—ALLA SHEHR—SKETCH OF ITS HISTORY—REMAINS OF CHRISTIAN CHURCH—OLD WALLS—CURIOUS ADVENTURE—CHANCE OF ENCAMPING IN THE OPEN AIR—ENTRY INTO THE CITY—PRESENT STATE OF THE CHURCH—BATHS—SALE OF SPIRITS—APOCALYPTIC EPISTLE TO PHILADELPHIA—ITS INNER SENSE—LEAVE PHILADELPHIA—GREEK GIRLS—HOUSES IN THE CITY—FEMALE INHABITANTS—COINS—BANKS OF THE COGAMOS—FRESH-WATER TURTLE—BEAUTIFUL FOUNTAIN NEAR THYATIRA—SARCOPHAGUS.

BETWEEN Laodicæa and Philadelphia, we passed over a portion of that tract of land called Catakekaumene (burnt up); and it was quite evident that volcanic action had been at work in that part which we saw; but further southward, towards Koolah and Yenishcher, its traces were, as we were told, more decided and unmistakable. This tract is bounded on two sides by the ridges of Tmolus and Messegis, and the traces of intense

volcanic action gradually disappear beyond the towns named above.

We stopped in the middle of a hot day for some refreshment at a kafenet in this district, and found a Turkish fair at its height. We were much amused to hear the prices asked for things of scarcely any value in England, but here rare and exotic. A Turk would make the same observation at a fair in England.

A number of Turks were greatly delighted with our pistols; we loaded them with powder, and let them fire as often as they pleased. A very small pair, fit for the waistcoat pocket, which I had, excited the most unbounded satisfaction. They passed all manner of jokes upon them—said they were babies of pistols; and a Turkish officer offered in exchange for them a huge pair of silver mounted holster pistols, which I told him were babies of sixty-four pounders. Many questions were asked about the Bim-bashi (the colonel), and great praise was bestowed upon his beard, every Turk instinctively passing his hand over his own as he mentioned it. Shall I be accused of intolerable vanity if I say that mine also had its share

of approbation, the curious in such matters pronouncing it in colour and disposition a real Osmanli.

All along the road we found grapes very plentiful, and took care to refresh our horses from time to time with a bunch, or a slice of a melon, which seemed to be both useful and agreeable, and our American friend told us that this was often done in America. Once or twice quinces, and often pomegranates, were offered us by the Turks, and I learned the true value of these fruits in their native climate. In England their want is not felt. Here the quince is but a tart, astringent, tough apple, and the pomegranate, an alum-flavoured orange, with the pips inconveniently disposed; there they become fruits which are preeminently useful. A slice of either does more to prevent or alleviate thirst than large draughts of water. The pomegranate is spoken of continually as it deserves in Scripture. Some persons are apt to imagine, from the praises bestowed upon it, that it must be a different fruit in the East, and that we cannot obtain it in this country in perfection; but the only difference is, that there it is required, and

here it is useless. If I were to sit long in a crowded assembly, and were likely to suffer from thirst, I would take a pomegranate with me.

We were anxious to reach Philadelphia early, but the further we went the further the sought-for city appeared to be. "It is half an hour further." An hour passed—two hours passed—a Turk passed. "Ask him, Karoli." The question was put.

"Alla Sheher," said the Turk, "is three-quarters of an hour further."

"Oh!—there!" said Karoli, "now I know; it is just beyond that ridge."

I saw clearly that two hours' sharp riding would not bring us near to it. Two hours more passed—there was the city, undoubtedly. Night had closed in, and we had lost our way. We had passed by a great shepherd-fire, which had deceived us, and we were still at some distance from the place we sought. And now again we felt the advantage of these Asiatic horses. We knew they could climb up and down walls, swim over rivers, wade through marshes, and that we had nothing to do but to stick on. Soon we found ourselves under the walls, and we rode round and round to

find an entrance; many vain attempts did we make. There were lights varying every minute, but few in number, and a strange mass of ruins about us. It was long before I could believe that the lights were not *ignes fatui*. We were plashing about a marshy ground encumbered with broken walls and fragments of ancient buildings. Now a light would appear a hundred yards before us for half a second, then at a greater distance, now on one side, now on another; now there would be two, anon three, but nothing like the lights of a town.

We had climbed over several walls, had got out again into the open fields, and had renewed our attempts again and again to make good our entry, guided by these flickering lights. There was a strong temptation to believe ourselves misled by evil spirits. Every time we went out into the open country, Karoli and the colonel's dragoman at once declared that they saw the way clearly; but every time they tried, they only led us into masses of impenetrable ruins.

It was raining hard, too,—no season for bivouacking,—and yet it seemed that we must pass

the night in the fields, when a shout from Karoli announced that he had found an entrance. We followed him, but too thankful to hear such words of comfort. It was a narrow passage, into which we entered in Indian file; our horses shuddered and refused to go on, but the case was urgent, and Turkish stirrups are like sharp swords.

The path was downward—down, down, still down—till an archway above our heads shut out the faint light of heaven. Things began to wear an uncomfortable appearance. We were up to our horses' knees in liquid, and to judge by the exhalations that arose on all sides, must be passing through a charnel-house: from the vault above pestiferous dews dripped upon us; and when we found the ground dry beneath us, we saw an archway thrown open, level with our horses' knees, and a gaunt figure in grave-clothes flung on our path the light of a torch; in another moment, one from another archway, on the opposite side, did the same; and while we looked at the long skinny arm that held the second torch, the first disappeared in black night, and a third flashed out before us. Thus were we lighted on our way, till suddenly a

cold wind blew into our faces, and the rain, now most welcome, rattled again about us.

We had emerged from the archway, and before our eyes hung up a dim oil lamp. The gateway it illuminated was the gateway of a khan, and we were in another hour safely "laid on the shelf."

The next morning our mysterious adventures were explained: we had entered the city by means of a ditch bordering the cemetery, and into which the common sewer ran, making the water still fouler than even its situation rendered it. The sound of horses' feet wakened a few old Turkish women, who opened the vault-like doors to give light to the benighted traveller, and thus were the horrors of our midnight entry accounted for.

Alla-sheher, the ancient Philadelphia, is built at the foot of Mount Tmolus, which the Turks have named Kestene-Dagh, the White Mountain, from the snow which ever lies upon its summit. Philadelphia is surrounded by thick dismantled walls, which have been much shaken by earthquakes. The modern town is poor and dirty, and only occupies part of the space enclosed by the ramparts; here are very few

fruit-trees, indeed few trees of any kind, save cypresses. The city derives its principal revenues from corn, cotton, and tobacco. The population comprehends about twelve thousand Turks, and three thousand Greeks. It is impossible to describe with what a mixture of pride and sorrow the Christian inhabitants of Philadelphia show, within the circle of the ramparts, a very old church, some of whose high and strong freestone walls are still standing, on one of which may be perceived the image of St. John the Evangelist.

The Apocalyptic message to Philadelphia gives us a cheering view of a brighter period of the Church's history. The tide of reformation has set in strongly. The oppression had been borne, and the oppressors were soon to bow down in turn to the mighty influence of truth. Glorious are the promises made to those who hold fast the truth; they shall be kept within the temple, and shall no more go out; and this promise is made by Him who "hath the key of David." Turning to the esoteric and spiritual meaning, we have the state of the backslider recovered. Hence it is that this message is

not equally applicable to *all* Christians, because it indicates a restoration from an all but total apostasy. Yet we all have need to repent our lapses, and to seek to be kept within the temple by Him, who openeth and no man shutteth, shutteth and no man openeth.

The inhabitants of Philadelphia have ever been zealous defenders of the Christian faith; and she was the only Grecian city of Asia Minor which refused to open her gates to Bajazet. The manner in which he obtained possession of it is worth noting here, where reflections on the past and the present are mingled, or succeed to each other, as an impoverished city or a magnificent ruin may furnish the text.

Bajazet, seeing that he could not master the resistance of the Philadelphians, claimed, in order to ensure the success of his project, the aid of his new allies, the Khan of Servia, and the Emperor of Byzantium. Manuel summoned the Greek commandant of Philadelphia to yield the place, and receive Turkish rulers. The chief officèr of Philadelphia replied to the Emperor of Constantinople, "That he would never betray his fellow-

citizens by giving up the city into the hands of a barbarian." Bajazet, in a transport of rage, commanded the Greek troops under the orders of the Byzantine Emperor, his ally, to take possession of Philadelphia themselves. John Paleologus and Manuel mounted the first to the assault of their own town, in order to deliver it into the hands of the Ottoman monarch. The heads of the Greek army received from Bajazet the reward of their treacherous zeal, but the ferocious Sultan caused the noble commandant of Philadelphia to be put to death, together with many of the inhabitants." *

It used to be said, that at about an hour's distance from the Philadelphian citadel, is a wall that Bajazet caused to be built of human bones, after the carnage of the inhabitants: but this is a mistake; the wall is, in fact, the remnant of an aqueduct which formerly supplied the town with water from the springs of Mount Tmolus. It seems to be in the nature of these streams to petrify, and the different roots they brought along.

* Vide History of the Ottoman Empire.

with them have remained encrusted in the wall, and some of them wear the form of dry bones.

There has been some misunderstanding as to the meaning of the name Ala-shaher, and it has been frequently translated,—the City of God. This is an error; the Turks hold it in no particular veneration, and the real meaning of the name is,—the Beautiful City; a title which it deserves, not indeed for itself, but for its situation. A considerable part of the city is built on the slopes of four small truncated hills, so regular, as to be almost artificial in appearance. The interior of the town is close and dirty, and the shops, baths, and bazaars, correspond. I tried the baths with comparatively small satisfaction. As I left the bath, and returned to the khan, I observed an old Turk making signs to me from the door of a shop opposite. He pointed to something which he had under his dress, and winked, and beckoned in a very significant way. As I passed the door, I asked him (in English), what he meant, whereupon he drew forth a bottle from his robe, and pronounced the word—*Rum!* There seemed to be some secrecy to be observed in the transaction,

but I told him again, (in English,) that we had with us a stone bottle of Schiedam, an explanation which he seemed to think perfectly satisfactory.

As we left Philadelphia,—which was not easily done, for we found almost as much difficulty in getting out as we had in getting in,—we observed, looking from the gateway of a Greek house, several women; one or two of whom were young, and perhaps handsome. We had to ride past this house several times, and every time we did so, the women ran behind the doors and appeared again as soon as we had passed; this was so evidently done out of a kind of coquettish curiosity, that we laughed and bowed to them. To our great surprise, instead of taking our civilities in good part, an old woman, who was one of the party, drove back all the younger ones, and coming fairly out of the house assailed us with a torrent of vituperation, which, fortunately for us, our ignorance of Turkish prevented our comprehending. Karoli told us that the old lady's objurgatory eloquence was strikingly rich and significant.

Just outside the town we passed two girls

standing against a wall, with small baskets of grapes on their heads. One, about fifteen years of age, was the very ideal of a Greek flower-girl; nothing could be more easy and graceful than her position, nothing more classical than her countenance. The other, some years younger, was a pretty and interesting child. At the entrance to the city we had another opportunity of seeing the way in which coins are valued. A Jew brought a small bag of copper coins, (all extremely common, and of the Lower Empire;) he asked one thousand piastres, and I had to tell him the full value. He demanded about 8*l.* sterling for what would have been dear at sixpence. I never saw a man more astounded than he was when I informed him of this. He lifted up his eyebrows so high, that one would have thought it impossible ever to get them down again, and muttering something in Turkish, the meaning of which Karoli could not catch; he fairly took to his heels, as though by my offer I had proved the whole party to be mad, and the safest way would be to escape so dangerous a proximity.

A little further on we came to the Banks of the

Cogamus, and here in a little creek I saw a small fresh-water turtle, and tried to catch it, but it eluded my efforts and escaped under a sedgy bank; it was about half the size of the ordinary tortoise, and with a shell of a lighter colour.

Near Thyatira I observed a beautiful fountain, of the Composite order indeed, for it was composed of fragments of every degree of antiquity; and among the Greek crosses and ornaments of the Byzantine period were portions of more ancient friezes and cornices. We noticed, too, a fine sarcophagus; but as in so public a situation every traveller must have observed it—for it is close to the walls of the city—we did not think it necessary to copy the inscription.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SEVENTH CHURCH—LAODICEA—ANCIENT HISTORY AND SPLENDOUR—PRESENT CONDITION AND GRADUAL DECAY—AMPHITHEATRE—BRIDGE—AQUEDUCT—SCATTERED RUINS—APOCALYPTIC EPISTLE—INNER SENSE—ROAD FROM LAODICEA TO HIERAPOLIS—SHORT CUT—HIERAPOLIS—STUPENDOUS RUINS—CRATER OF FROZEN TORRENTS—HOT SPRINGS—SINGULAR EFFECT OF BATHING THERE—TURKISH WOMEN—WASPS' NESTS—ANCIENT WORSHIP—HIERAPOLIS IN SYRIA—COMMON OBJECTS OF ASIATIC WORSHIP—HYDROPHORIC FESTIVALS—KHONAS OR COLOSSÆ—TRIPOLIS.

WE employed two days in visiting the ruins of Laodicea, Hierapolis, and Colossæ. Laodicea, which the Turks call *Eski-Hissar*, (Old Castle,) is situated on a table-land of considerable extent, detached from the chain of Messogis, and about an hour's distance from Dégnisléh, to the north. On arriving at Eski-Hissar, the first remains which arrest attention are those of a stadium one hundred feet long, by fifty wide. Twenty-two rows of white marble seats are still partially remaining. At the western extremity of this fine monument stands a portion of the marble arcade

through which the gladiators passed to the arena. This arcade had a Greek inscription, by which we learn that the stadium was begun under the consulate of Titus Vespasian, and completed by Trajan in the eighty-second year of the Christian era. To the west of the stadium may be seen a theatre, with twenty-five rows of seats; the entrance-portals are thrown down, while fluted pillars, capitals, entablatures, and cornices, of the finest workmanship, are prostrate on the ground where once stood the gates. Again, a much grander theatre, facing the plain where flows the Meander, shows itself to the north-east. Here were fifty rows of marble seats or steps, and the theatre was four hundred paces in circumference. But merely naming the probable number of the benches, and describing the form of a theatre, is insufficient to give any idea of the imposing and majestic appearance of these monuments of ages past.

Scattered over the site of Laodicea are innumerable fragments of pillars and walls, cased with marble; but whether the remains of palaces or temples, it is impossible to decide. In the midst

of the city may be seen the remains of a gymnasium, and a little further the place of a third theatre, with a few marble steps or seats.

These ruins are spread over a low mountain, about a league in circuit; and as the ground is in many places very hollow, there are, doubtless, many more concealed by the accumulated soil. Earthquakes, more than the attacks of an enemy, have destroyed or buried the noble monuments of a city—once selected by the Roman Cæsars as the capital of Asia Minor, when a province of their empire. Then, Laodicea was beautiful and affluent; she derived immense wealth from her sheep, which were famous for their fine wool; but now, even the race of these sheep, at least here, is lost. All around is devastation.

The chief edifices had been built of a coarse conglomerate, while the cornices and fine carvings are of marble. Although this place has been more than once destroyed by earthquakes, there is no geological evidence of volcanic changes, for the strata of these hills are so thoroughly undisturbed, that in themselves they present nothing remarkable. Yet the fragments of the bridge at

the entrance of the ancient city would seem to indicate something of the kind, even had we no historical evidence: the stones have been shaken apart in such a way as can only be ascribed to one of those earthquakes, formerly so frequent in these regions.

Ruins, everywhere ruins!—it is with difficulty that the plan of these once magnificent constructions can be disentangled amidst the labyrinth of shapeless stones and grass-grown fragments which overspread the site. Even where we can discern two theatres with the seats in some degree preserved, the stages or proscenia are masses of fragments; the third is in still worse condition. One thing which merits attention is, that some of the seats bear initial letters, rudely cut in a variety of Greek characters. These denoted, as Sir C. Fellowes thinks probable, to whom the places belonged.

The Apocalyptic epistle to the Church of the Laodiceans, has been that portion of the message to the seven which has given rise to the greatest difficulty in the historical application; for it has been said,—Are we to suppose that the Church shall terminate her history in so awful a manner

as this would indicate? I apprehend that there is no necessity for taking any such view of the case. It does not follow, that because a part of the Church's history is predicted in these seven messages, or epistles, that therefore the whole is thus displayed. Indeed, I should argue that this was *not* the case, for many reasons: not only should I be unwilling to believe that the close of the Church's career on earth should be marked by a Laodicean state, but also I think that this mode of interpretation would give too certain a clue to the coming of the great day. If the Laodicean age were the last age, and we knew the date of that age, then the problem would be solved which is divinely kept from human intelligence; and we should be certain as to the coming of that day, concerning which our Lord declares that the very angels which are in heaven know it not, no, nor the Son, but the Father only!

It appears to me that the Laodicean age of the Church is passing rapidly away; but that it did affect our own Church, none, I think, can doubt, who regard the peculiar heresies, and wickedness, the mingled popery and profligacy, which

distinguished the days of the Stewarts, and the remarkable spiritual deadness which characterized the last century. Little need be said of the spiritual condition of that man whose individual state is here represented. It is all but hopeless, and glad indeed must we feel, that it is of comparatively narrow application.

The usual road from Laodicea to Hierapolis passes through a narrow valley, which is watered by the Lycus, and then to the left of the river; and taking a northern direction, it lies across an uncultivated, marshy plain to Hierapolis, the Holy City, called by the Turks Pambouk-Kalessi, or Castle of Cotton, from the shining whiteness of its rock or hill. We went straight across the plain, for the weather had been dry enough to warrant our doing so, though it is often impossible to traverse it. The nearer we approached the ruins, the more resplendent they appeared, from the reflection of the sun's rays. Crossing the Meander by means of another tottering wooden bridge, we reached the platform, or table-land, of Pambouk-Kalessi, by a rocky way, on the side of which are many tombs and sarcophagi. Many of

these tombs have been constructed with some regard to architectural beauty; and standing, as they do, with their backs against the grey mountain, and frequently built of white marble, they are far from failing in the effect intended.

Owing to the virtue of its mineral springs, Hierapolis was sacred to Apollo and Æsculapius; and these waters were of old renowned for the cure of rheumatism, and above all, for cutaneous disorders. The Turks of this country have a saying —"that people would never die, if they would take a bath in the waters of Pambouk-Kalessi once every week." Another property of these waters is, to aid dying wool of a purple hue. They are warm, and taste of sulphur.

One of our guides told us that he had bathed in the water, and that it had produced a very distressing cutaneous eruption,—an argument in favour of homœopathy; but it is occasionally even now much resorted to by the Turks, especially females, who are said to derive great benefit from it, not only in the cases mentioned above, but also in those of general debility. I saw insects and some kind of frog in the warm water, where it

flows down by the gymnasium; at this place it was pleasantly warm to the hand. There were a great number of wasps in the neighbourhood, and the ruins presented some remarkable nests of the mason-wasp, built like those of our own in holes of the old walls, and of the materials thus furnished.

The springs issue from the centre of the ruins, first filling a large basin, whence a number of rivulets flow in all directions over the site of the city; and it is very curious and interesting to trace these waters in their course, for they petrify and form trenches of stone, which is very hard, though light and porous. All the streams, in a full season, after a thousand windings, meet on a high hill of dazzling whiteness, where also may be perceived a number of reservoirs hollowed by the waters, and looking as if intended for baths; then bubbling forth from these reservoirs, they rush foaming down the hill, and quietly hide themselves in the plain which is watered by the river Meander. At the time of our visit the springs were very low, and confined to a few channels.

The ruins of Pambouk-Kalessi are seen afar off,

and are among the most magnificent in Asia. To the north is a triumphal arch, whence commences a colonnade of some length, leading to a magnificent church constructed of freestone. Further on, stands the gymnasium, the walls of which are enormously thick, and the vaulted roofs of the galleries so well put together that even earthquakes have made no impression upon them: and to the north-west, on the southern slope of the hill, are the remains of a large theatre, and one of the best preserved in the East.

As the ancients always erected their theatres in situations which afforded an extensive prospect, that of Hierapolis is remarkable for its beautiful position. From the seats the eye wandered over the plain fertilized by the Meander, and extending thirty leagues from east to west; to the south, the hills of Mount Cadmus, rich in vegetation, and covered with eternal snows; to the right, the sinuous river, and the ridge of Messogis. To the right too, in former times, might be distinguished Laodicea, then so gloriously beautiful, now only a barren site, strewed with ruins.

It is unnecessary to note the numerous columns

scattered here and there over the site of the city; but we must not omit the pedestals which stand to the west of the great theatre, and around which lie columns and Corinthian capitals of exquisite beauty, probably belonging to the Temple of Cybele—a temple of which Hierapolis was once so proud.

The Necropolis of the city stretches out to the north-west. The first objects that strike the eye, are some stone buildings about fifteen feet square by thirty high. They are surmounted by sarcophagi, and form two long avenues; this was the principal entrance to the city of the dead. Amongst the sarcophagi, many of which bear funereal inscriptions in Greek, is one which cannot be passed over without particular mention. It stands apart, upon a little mound, ten feet long, and four wide,—a man, a woman, and a child, lying side by side, are carved upon the lid. Turkish fanaticism has mutilated the heads of the figures. One feels a desire to know the names of the persons herein deposited; but while all the other sarcophagi bear inscriptions, this one is distinguished only by its beautiful sculpture.

Unfortunately, as is the case with several ancient cities of the East, the annals of Hierapolis were principally inscribed on its public buildings, and thus the history of the sacred city is buried in the dust with its edifices. The sarcophagi have been opened by avaricious persons, who expected to find in them hidden treasure; so that the Necropolis presents a scene of desolation.

Many ancient authors, — Strabo, Pausanius, Vitruvius,—have spoken of the petrifaction produced by the streams of Hierapolis; but they give no particulars,—they simply say that walls formed of these petrifactions served to enclose the gardens of the Sacred City.

It has been thought by some travellers, Chandler being one of them, that Quintus of Smyrna, in his work on the Trojan war, (lib. x.) placed the sacred cavern of the nymphs at Hierapolis; that there Diana descended to gaze on the sleeping Endymion; and that the Ionian poet spake of the mountain of Hierapolis, when he says—"From afar, you might imagine you beheld a stream of milk flowing over the spot where Diana would remain to gaze on the young herdsman; when

nearer, it would seem a limpid stream of water; as you draw nearer still, the water looks denser; and when you are close to it, you behold with surprise a simple channel hollowed in the rock."

But though this description presents much that may be applied to the mountain of Hierapolis, yet the poet would probably have bestowed richer and more abundant details in describing it; besides, Strabo points out the grotto of Endymion as lying in Caria, beyond Mount Latmos.

There was at Hierapolis a gloomy cavern, called the Plutonium, or Gate of Hell. They assigned as its place "a mount or small hill, commanded by the lofty mountain of Messogis, at the foot of which the Sacred City was built." Strabo says, "The Plutonium is surrounded by a stone balustrade, fifty feet in circumference." Now the remains of a balustrade are there, but the entrance to the infernal regions is not to be seen. In Strabo's time, a thick and fœtid smoke arose from the interior of the balustrade, and it was fatal to any animal which approached it. They died if they inhaled the smoke. The priests of Cybele alone could resist the poisonous miasmata

which exhaled from this terrible spot. The ancient author alluded to explains in few words the miracle which the people ascribed to the priests. Chandler sought in vain for the Plutonium, but he was told by a Turk that a grotto, which was destructive to sheep and goats, existed at Pambouk-Kalessi. He added that this grotto was believed to be the abode of an infernal *djir*, or demon.

In order rightly to understand the nature of the worship carried on at Hierapolis, it will be necessary to examine the accounts which we have remaining to us of the Hydrophoric festivals at Hierapolis, in Syria, which, like their traditions, bore a great resemblance to the rites practised at Athens. According to Lucian, there was an abyss at Hierapolis which had suddenly opened to receive the waters of the Deluge, and they believed that Deucalion, from gratitude to the gods for being saved amidst the universal destruction, here raised an altar, and himself instituted and commenced those festivals anciently celebrated at this place in remembrance of that event.

The overflow of the waters, as they termed it, was celebrated at Hierapolis more devoutly than at Athens; it even was the custom for the Arabians and people who inhabited regions beyond the Euphrates to come twice every year on a pilgrimage to the Sacred City, and to unite with the citizens in performing this ceremony. These pilgrims had a custom of carrying an image, said to be that of Bacchus, in company with the people, to the sea-shore, which, however, was at a great distance, they then brought back water in ewers, and this they offered as a libation to their goddess. The water was carried away by a drain or canal into the abyss, or cavern, and even in Lucian's time the outlet was carefully kept secret.

So far this festival bore resemblance to the Athenian Hydrophora, but there was this difference, that it was celebrated at Hierapolis twice a-year, and at this latter place, a man remained for seven days on the top of a pillar in the court of the temple, to represent how the human race was preserved on the tops of the mountains from utter destruction during the Deluge; and whilst he remained on the column, he was constantly

employed in imploring the gods for fertility for the surrounding country, and prosperity to the city.

Not only was the temple of the Syrian Hierapolis renowned for these rites, but it was equally so for its riches. The divinity was known by several titles, as Rhea, the Assyrian Juno, and more commonly, the goddess of Assyria; she bears much resemblance to the *Cybele* of Phrygia (in fact, Rhea is a name often ascribed to Cybele); like her, she was crowned with towers, and seated in a chariot drawn by lions. The Pagans regarded her at once as the queen, mother, and nurse of mankind; and though Lucian tells us that Bacchus shared the honours of the temple with the goddess, there is reason to suppose that it was not Bacchus but Atys, the favourite of Cybele, to whom these honours were paid.

Of all the priests of antiquity, those of this temple were the most frantic: this city was their school and their metropolis, whence they spread themselves over the world, and while they begged their bread, they acted as prophets or fortune-tellers, predicting to men, cities, and the world at large good or evil, in which they were probably

regulated, as were their successors in later days, by the *largesse* they received.

These Diluvian Festivals got strangely mixed up with the honours paid to Pagan divinities, of modern date, if compared with the solemn event at first intended to be commemorated; but as nature and the earth are sometimes personified by Rhea and Cybele, while Bacchus may represent the fortunate and Atys the unfortunate of the human race, and Apollo or Horus shadows forth the Sun, it is not wonderful that the three agents which have played their part so grandly and diversely in this world, should be found represented in divers manners and receive varied honours. Another circumstance attending this once magnificent temple, was its resemblance to that of Jerusalem: it was built on the same plan and arrangement, while a similar hierarchy appeared of Pontiffs and Priests. Some even of the same ceremonies were used in the performance of the service.

Without dwelling upon the subject, it is certainly interesting to remark these parallels. The grandest feast in the year was celebrated in the

spring, both by the Syrians and the Jews: with the latter it was the Passover, with the former the Feast of Torches, or of the Pyre; on that day poles were erected before the temple at Hierapolis, by which living animals were slung, together with many precious offerings. The images of the divinities were carried round the pile, and then fire was set to it. Near it was an altar where every one offered a sheep or a lamb, and when the priests had poured their libations over these animals, the people took them home, and there having completed their sacrifice, they ate the victim, surrounded by their family. Who can help seeing here a copy of the Paschal lamb?

And amongst the people of Syria was held another festival, which in some measure resembled the Jewish Feast of Expiations: the devotees howled, shrieked, burned their flesh with live coals, and wounded themselves with knives; while the more moderate scourged each other as the Jews of some countries are said to do even now in their synagogues on the same occasion. Nor is there wanting also an imitation of the scapegoat; for when these penances were ended, they

crowned a victim which they then allowed to escape, but in such a way that it ran forwards and leaped from the high rock on which the temple was constructed. There was also a third festival, resembling in some points that of the Tabernacles, held by the Jews a few days succeeding that of the Expiations. This was the commemoration of the Deluge, already mentioned as a Syrian custom: for in the Feast of Tabernacles the Jews had a custom of pouring out water in the temple of Jerusalem, and as in the feast at Hierapolis, a man remained for seven days on the top of a pillar, to remind the worshippers of the miserable state of mankind, when obliged to take refuge on the mountains from the rising waters of the Deluge, so the children of Israel held theirs to remind them of their wanderings in the desert.

Again, to symbolize the former state of their forefathers the Israelites passed seven days in tents, bowers, or arbours, made with branches of trees, which they erected in the fields, or the streets, or on the roofs of their houses. These analogies are very curious, and it is possible, that as the Feast

of Expiations among the Jews was a kind of preparation for the grand Feast of Tabernacles, which was the commencement of their civil year, so the celebration of the severe penances which the Assyrians inflicted on themselves might also be a religious preparation for the Diluvian Festival, and likewise encyclical. Everywhere we find traces of the Deluge and the deep impression it made on the minds of men.

But this leads us to another point which may in some measure explain the present state of the formerly sacred precincts. There was a Syrian ceremony which Lucian terms the "Descent of this Lake." Near the temple of the Syrian Hierapolis was a pond or small lake, the fish of which were regarded as sacred, and in the middle rose an altar where numerous pilgrims offered incense; around the lake dwelt the particular priests of the temple whose office it was to pour out the water of the sea in the temple on the day of the overflow. They used on that day to carry images of the gods in procession, the goddess of Assyria leading the van, and walking before them all, that Jupiter might not blast the sacred fish by a glance. After

some discussion between the goddess and the god, the latter retired, and the fishes were saved; but thus, every year on this day the sacred fish were in danger, and the goddess saved their lives by attracting his regards from them. It is probable that this was a *Theophanic* day, and all these ceremonies alluding to a Divinity at once dreadful and destructive, were copied from the Feast of Expiations, the great *Theophanic* day at Jerusalem. At this feast alone the High Priest for a moment entered into the Holy of Holies, and the people remained in awe without, as Moses did when he received on Mount Sinai the commandments of the great the terrible Jehovah.

The Feast of Tabernacles among the Jews was intended, as we have said, to represent the manner of living of their forefathers in the desert; for seven days they lived under tents and arbours, because after passing the Red Sea, the children of Israel had for forty years wandered in the sterile and burning desert, where they had only tents, or huts, and the palm-tree to shelter them. It was near the time of the equinox, falling in the first month of their civil year, that they

celebrated this feast; and it would perhaps be imagined, from the miseries and fatigue suffered by the Israelites of old in the desert before they entered the Promised Land, when in fact all those who came out from Egypt were no more,—it would seem natural that the remembrances attached to this long wandering in the desert should have been gloomy and sad; on the contrary it was eminently joyous, sometimes even passing beyond the ordinances of God, who commanded that they should "feast and rejoice, they and their sons, and their daughters, their man-servants, and their maid-servants, the Levite, the stranger, and the orphan." For many a year they had suffered hardships, and with a "mighty hand and a stretched out arm" he had delivered them. They were to dwell in tents and bowers that they might not forget the past, and they were to rejoice because those sorrows and dangers were over; they were come into a land of milk and honey, and "it is a good thing to be thankful."

Plutarch mistook this feast for a Bacchanal festival, an error gross in the extreme; but he was a heathen, and knowing little of Jewish customs,

might easily be deceived by external resemblances. For the Feast of Tabernacles, besides the fact which it was originally intended to commemorate, was the feast of the Vintage and the gathering of the autumnal fruits. It happened that the Bacchanalian festivals were held on the same account, and observed at the same season. It is true the Bacchanalia were profligate feasts, but did the Jews always moderately and rigorously observe their law? On this occasion it commanded them to rejoice and be merry; but some of them unquestionably went as far beyond its bounds as at other times they fell lamentably short of it.

Pagan authors might as easily be mistaken, had they imagined the Jewish festival, where masters, slaves, and strangers rejoiced together, for the Saturnalia. Among the Romans the Saturnalia were but a representation of the ancient condition of mankind, but among the Thessalians they too were commemorations of the Deluge, and this leads us to glance again at the Feast of Tabernacles. It is not wonderful that the ancients should be puzzled by such analogies, for even moderns with the Bible before them and

greater data to proceed upon are liable to form too hasty a judgment.

Amongst the customs of the Feast of Tabernacles, there was not one more solemn than the pouring out of the Fountain of Siloam, spoken of by all the Rabbinical writers; though not ordained by law. It is evident from Scripture that this fountain was held in great veneration by the Jews, and such customs bear the stamp of great antiquity both among Jews and Gentiles.

Among other allusions to the pool or fountain of Siloam, Josephus says that when Jerusalem was besieged by Nebuchadnezzar, and also by Titus, this fountain, although then quite dry, was suddenly and strangely overflowed, to announce to the inhabitants the anger of God and the destruction of their city. From this last assertion it would appear that the Hebrews believed the spouting forth of the waters to be a cyclical phenomenon which they expected to appear, sometimes at the end, sometimes at the return of certain political and fixed periods. This idea, taken in connexion with the legend just related, would indicate that the shedding of the waters of Siloam was at Jeru-

salem, as at Athens and Hierapolis, a ceremony commemorative of the Deluge; and as the Jews practised it without command, it is not improbable that they borrowed the custom from other nations.

But to return to the Phrygian city. The worship of Diana and that of Cybele were cognate worships, and in nothing more remarkable than that both reverenced the universal productive power, and yet both required that their temples should be served by eunuchs. We have seen the Hydrophoric festivals at Hierapolis in Syria—here in Phrygia we find another temple of the same goddess in another city bearing the same name, and equally calculated for the same class and description of festivals. Can there be much—can there be indeed any doubt that such were celebrated here likewise? I would also hint, but with deference, that the spot by the side of the Pnyx at Athens, where many suppose a temple of Venus to have been situated, and which was supplied with water from the cave of the nymphs, might have been the scene of a similar worship, nor need the name of the presiding goddess throw any difficulty in the way of this supposition.

The village of Khonas, where once stood the ancient Colosse, about three hours' distance from Hierapolis, is remarkable for its beauty; its approach is indicated by tall trees and vines. The rock whereon the castle stands, is tremendously steep and high. When the summit is reached, some remains of old walls may be seen, but not very ancient; for the *Eski-sher*, or *old city*, lies lower towards the plain. There are a few large square stones lying about, and passing on through fields in which more vestiges appeared, we noticed some vaults, and at a little distance the remains of two churches. Then on an elevated level space rising above the land below, might be seen traces of a considerable city, and the ground was strewed with architectural fragments. Here was a magnificent church dedicated to the Archangel Michael, but it has long since been destroyed.

According to a legend repeated by the modern Greeks, the Christian population had been menaced with destruction by a fearful inundation; they fled from the pursuing waters, and prayed for divine help to deliver them. The Archangel

Michael came down from heaven, and opened a chasm in the earth, to which the attention of travellers is still directed, and as the waters rushed down this opening, the people were saved.

About two hours' journey south of Philadelphia, lies the eastern extremity of the plain in which the chain of Mount Tmolus forms a junction with that of the Bellendjé-Dagh, where the ridge of Messogis begins. A forest three hours in length, which, in 1190, beheld the march of the German Crusaders, extends beyond Tripolis, which is about nine leagues from Philadelphia; but nothing of note remains of the ancient city on the Meander. It was here that St. Bartholomew preached the Gospel, and St. Philip underwent martyrdom for the sake of the Christian faith.

To the north-east of the site of Tripolis is a valley formed by the slope of two hills. The Meander, whose banks are here covered with willows and rushes, flows through this valley to the plain; and here the German Crusaders, led on by Frederic Barbarossa, encamped before they proceeded to the left bank, whence, by an eastward direction, the pilgrims of Germany reached Lao-

dicea, after two hours' march. We crossed over the Meander on a tottering wooden bridge, not so far from Sarakeui, as might be imagined from the time taken in reaching it.

There are no considerable ruins at Tripolis. Some traces of the ramparts, a theatre without even the remains of seats, a few blocks of stone scattered here and there, and a column or two lying prostrate on an extensive flat, destitute alike of grass, trees, and water,—such are the remains of ancient Tripolis. There is an immense tower situated on a bleak-looking hill, being all that is left of a citadel, and this tower commands the table-ground whereon the town of Tripolis once stood.

A few words by way of concluding this volume may be permitted to me—to express my thankfulness to God that no accident occurred to damp the satisfaction which we experienced. We met everywhere with kindness and hospitality, and every advantage was willingly given to us in prosecuting the researches we attempted to make. It is probable that the learned reader may be

disappointed with their result, but I found that the ground had been so carefully examined, and all the inscriptions so accurately copied, that I should but have repeated that which has been already before the public, had I sent to press those which I took down myself.

APPENDIX.

I.

Extract from the SPEECH *of* VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, *in the House of Commons, on Tuesday, the 25th of June, 1850, on Mr. Roebuck's Motion on the Foreign Policy of the Government.*

"THE right hon. baronet (Sir James Graham) finds fault with a certain despatch which in July, 1846, after the change of Ministry in this country, I wrote to Sir Henry, then Mr., Bulwer at Madrid; and the right hon. baronet says, Here is an instance, not only of the interference of the noble Viscount, but of the manner and tone he uses. Now as to manner and tone, there have been certain communications made to other British Ministers by persons in whom the right hon. baronet has confidence, which are certainly couched in terms which may possibly admit of the application of some of those phrases which the right hon. baronet has applied to me. There was a certain despatch, for example, addressed by the Earl of Aberdeen to Sir Edmund Lyons, our Minister at Athens, which has

already been read elsewhere, and which I have got a copy of here, and which I think is a very curious specimen of the manner in which the most mild and uninterfering of Foreign Ministers can, when he so likes, deal with the internal arrangements of other Governments.

"Everybody knows who Sir Richard Church is; a most distinguished soldier, who fought nobly in the cause of Greek independence, and for a long time was properly respected and honoured by the Greek Government. But in 1843 he was supposed to sympathise with the party who extorted the constitution from the King. I believe that what he then did, was a great service to the King; and that he was very instrumental in saving King Otho from dangers to which he would otherwise have been exposed; but, however, in 1844 he incurred the displeasure of the King, and he was removed from the appointment of Inspector-General of the Greek Forces, which he had held; and he was succeeded by General Grivas, a person whose conduct, as it appears from the despatch in question, had not been altogether free from imputations of disloyalty. Well, here are the instructions given on the subject to Sir Edmund Lyons, by the Minister who never interfered with the internal affairs of other countries, and especially with their purely domestic matters:—

"'Sir,—Her Majesty's Government have learned with deep concern the dismissal of Sir Richard Church from the post of Inspector-General of the Greek Army, which post he had so honourably and successfully filled for many years;' perhaps so far, it was natural for the

English Government to regret the dismissal of a meritorious English officer.—'Their regret is increased by finding that General Grivas, who was so recently engaged in open rebellion against the throne, has been appointed to succeed him.' As to this point, one would have thought the King of Greece was himself the best judge. 'Her Majesty's Government do not propose to interfere in the matter; since, however unjust the deprivation of General Church may have been, and however injudicious the elevation of his successor, these acts are certainly within the competence of the Greek Government.' .This is very handsome and candid. 'But,' continues the non-interfering Minister, 'though her Majesty's Government abstain from interfering, they deem it an imperative duty on their part—considering the position in which Great Britain stands with regard to Greece, as a creating and guaranteeing Power, to express'—they do not interfere—'to express in the strongest terms their sense of the injustice done to Sir R. Church, one of the best, most disinterested, and most efficient supporters of Greek independence, by an abrupt and ungracious dismissal, unaccompanied by any word of commendation or acknowledgment of his great services to Greece; and also their sense of the excess of imprudence and impolicy exhibited in the appointment to one of the most responsible offices under the Crown, of a man whose recent conduct has shown him to be an enemy to the Throne and a deliberate perverter of order and discipline.'

"This was written by the Minister who never interfered with the internal arrangements of other Powers.

'Her Majesty's Government,' continues this mild despatch, 'consider themselves fully warranted by the overt acts of General Grivas himself, in instructing you to make known these sentiments distinctly in their name to the Greek Minister for Foreign Affairs as well as to the King himself—should a favourable opportunity present itself; and at the same time to warn his Majesty seriously,—seriously and solemnly of the danger to which he will expose his country and his Throne by a perseverance in so fatal a line of policy as that which he has lately pursued.'"

II.

Protestants at Florence.

THIRTEEN years ago the Tuscan Government gave reluctant permission to the English Protestants at Florence to open a *private* chapel. The Duke would tolerate no religion but that of Rome; and, therefore, the English Protestants were ordered not to *offend the State* by a public celebration of their worship. Dr. Wiseman would be in ecstacies could he compel the same in England,—but to resume:—Last January, the Duc de Casigliano, a gentleman doubtless of much truth and modesty, addressed the Queen's representative in a document, to the effect that the doors of this English chapel were absolutely unlocked at worship time; that there were preachings in Italian; and that the Tuscans born were exposed to be drawn towards truth and its

certain consequences. There was a consequent threat implied that, unless things were altered, the doors would be forcibly closed and the permission withdrawn.

Now, there was not one solitary word of truth in any one of the charges brought against the British Church and its members. The Protestants had strictly kept to the terms, insulting as they were, to which they had at first, not without a sense of humiliation, assented. But, notwithstanding this, the English Protestants are not now permitted to celebrate worship but in presence of Tuscan police officers! Lord Palmerston's letter is dignified and true; but it will not reach minds that cannot comprehend its dignity. They who would not only commit oppression, but would also stoop to falsehood, for the sake of opportunity of giving that oppression continuance and increased severity, are incapable of appreciating honesty or dignity in any shape.

The following is the remarkable correspondence alluded to :—

The HON. P. C. SCARLETT *to* VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

(*Received January* 28.)

"Florence, Jan. 20, 1851.

"My Lord—A charge has been brought against the British Protestant chapel at Florence by the Tuscan Government of having been in the practice of teaching Tuscan subjects the doctrines of the Protestant faith in the Tuscan language, and of adopting other practices

specified, contrary to the ecclesiastical regulations and laws of Tuscany.

"I have the honour to enclose a copy of a note received on this subject from the Duke of Casigliano, and of my reply to that note, which last contains a refutation of those accusations, grounded on a letter, a copy of which I also enclose, which has been addressed to me by the church vestry at Florence, by which your lordship will be convinced that there has been no sort of foundation for making the accusation.

"Since sending my reply to his Excellency, I have been informed both by him and by Signor Landucci that the explanation I have afforded appears satisfactory, and that it is possible the Tuscan Government may have been misinformed by their own authorities.

"Your lordship will observe that it is now the custom for the police to attend inside the church on Sunday.

"The Duke of Casigliano stated to me in conversation, that orders had come from the Prussian Mission at Rome to sanction the Tuscan Government in prohibiting the pastor of the Swiss Church at Florence from preaching in Italian to Tuscan subjects who have for some time been accustomed to frequent that church: the practice in future, he said, would be forbidden.

I have, &c.

(Signed) "P. CAMPBELL SCARLETT."

"Florence, January 9, 1851.

"M. le Chargé d'Affaires—Her Britannic Majesty's representative at Florence applied to the Grand Ducal

Government in 1838 for permission to open under his protection a private chapel for the purposes of Anglican worship. The Tuscan Government complied with the request of the Minister of England, on the condition, however, that this chapel should be wholly and exclusively private, which was moreover the natural result of the public law of Tuscany, in which there exists a State religion protected by the State.

"The Grand Ducal Government has now been informed that in the Anglican chapel in the Via del Maglio all those who desire to take part in the service are freely admitted, and it is even known that the custom of praying and catechising in the Italian language has been introduced there. Many Catholics, Tuscan subjects, imbibe there principles and sentiments contrary to the dominant religion, and publicly propagate the same.

"The Tuscan Government is deeply sensible of the duty of not tolerating such an abuse, and of opposing a state of things which, combined with other efforts made of the same character and with the like object, would infallibly lead to the weakening of the Catholic religion in Tuscany.

"Accordingly I deem it my duty to acquaint you, M. le Chargè d'Affaires, that, if the abuse which I have pointed out to you is continued, the Grand Ducal Government is resolved to adopt all the measures which shall be necessary to prevent Tuscan subjects from taking part in the religious ceremonies of the Anglican chapel.—Receive, &c.

(Signed) "LE DUC DE CASIGLIANO."

The HON. P. C. SCARLETT *to the* DUKE OF CASIGLIANO.

"Florence, Jan. 16, 1851.

"M. le Ministre—I have delayed until now to reply to your Excellency's note of January 9th, relating to the charges brought by the Tuscan Government against the British Protestant Church at Florence, for supposed interference with the religion of the State by the adoption of certain practices specified in your Excellency's communication to me, and alleged to have been sanctioned by that establishment.

"I had the honour in conversation to observe to your Excellency that I apprehended it would be found, on due investigation, that the accusations advanced were groundless and erroneous, and that the Tuscan Government had been deceived and misled in this matter to the prejudice of the British Church in this city.

"In this belief I was not mistaken, and I have much satisfaction in enclosing to your Excellency the accompanying statement, drawn up by the committee appointed for the management of the English Church, to whom I forwarded a copy of your Excellency's note.

"In this statement, signed by the secretary of the committee and addressed to me, every point in your Excellency's note has been answered *seriatim*, either by a direct denial of the facts imputed, or by an explanation which cannot but prove satisfactory to the Tuscan Government.

"It appears from this document that neither prayers, preaching, nor teaching, in the Italian language has

ever been resorted to, nor in any other language, with reference to Tuscan subjects; that no Tuscans have either been invited to enter, or encouraged to frequent, the Protestant Church, excepting the police authorities sent there by the Tuscan Government; and I am further authorized to state that no Protestant books have ever been translated, printed, or circulated among Tuscan subjects with the sanction of the Church in question.

"Such being the state of the case, I trust your Excellency and the Tuscan Government will entertain the same conviction as I do myself, that the charges which have been brought against the English Church have no real foundation, and must have been caused by some confusion and misunderstanding of the truth, as I feel convinced that it is, and always has been, the sincere desire of that religious institution to conform entirely to the regulations required by the Tuscan Government from which it has never deviated.—I seize this occasion, &c.

(Signed) "P. CAMPBELL SCARLETT."

The select vestry of the church have given a distinct denial *seriatim* of the allegations contained in the letter of the Tuscan Minister of Foreign Affairs. They state that no custom has been introduced of making prayers or reading catechisms in the Italian language; and that no language had been used in the church ministrations save the English.

VISCOUNT PALMERSTON *to the* RIGHT HON. R. L. SHIEL.

"Foreign Office, February 3, 1851.

"SIR—I have received Mr. Scarlett's despatch of the 20th ult., enclosing copies of a correspondence with the Duke of Casigliano, respecting an unfounded accusation brought by the Tuscan Government against the parties concerned in the management of the affairs of the British chapel at Florence, that they conducted the services in that chapel in a way calculated to alienate the minds of Tuscan subjects from the Roman Catholic faith.

"I have to instruct you to say to the Duke of Casigliano that her Majesty's Government trust that this correspondence will show the Tuscan Government that they ought not to place too implicit reliance on the secret information which may reach them; and you will also say that, though the papers enclosed in Mr. Scarlett's despatch are satisfactory to her Majesty's Government, as showing that the British residents at Florence have strictly complied with the conditions on which permission was given for the establishment of a Protestant chapel, yet her Majesty's Government cannot disguise the painful impression which they have received from the intolerant spirit which is manifested in the Duke of Casigliano's communication, and which affords so remarkable a contrast with the liberal and enlightened system which prevails in the United Kingdom in regard to the exercise of religious belief.—You will give a copy of this despatch to the Duke of Casigliano.—I am, &c.

(Signed) "PALMERSTON."

III.

Turkish Literature.

THE literature of Turkey is not much known, perhaps not so much as it deserves to be; but if it be very closely looked at, it will be found to divide itself into two equal parts, whereof one moiety is Greek, and the other Arabic and Persian: a position for Turkey very much like that of the shareholders in an unsuccessful railway, when the solicitors and the engineers have received the amount of their claims. That there are histories, poems, and even philosophical treatises written in Turkish, no one can deny, but they are chiefly translations and adaptations, and imitations; so that that which is good is not original, and that which is original is not good. It is merely, then, in this way that the mental efforts of a truly estimable people are to be regarded. Sir Charles Fellowes observes that the mental powers of the Turks are not equally cultivated with their affections; nor could a stronger proof of the correctness of his assertion be required, than that the means of intellectual culture among them are nearly all derived from foreign sources. I collected a number of songs, small poems, and tales, from which, had I them here, I should have made a selection, to exemplify the practical wisdom of him who said, "I care not who makes the laws of a people—let me make their

songs;" but not having these at hand, I shall do the best I can with a few that have been sent me by a friend. They are Greek and Persian; some of them are adopted by the Turks, some are peculiarly and nationally Greek, dealing with questions of race, and breathing a spirit of energetic vindictiveness which often long survives the conditions that gave it birth. It is easy to imagine, even had we no instances to prove it, the feeling that must have animated the Scot against the Englishman, when the independence of the country which gave him birth hung in the balance, and when border warfare, not more fierce and savage than that which prevailed between the Greeks and the Turks, furnished a thousand instances, on both sides, of the most fierce and ruthless vengeance. Hear a Greek poet speak of the possible fate of his child :—

"Oh, mother! thou who still dost choose
Some pool retired and wild,
In which to bathe our Arete,
Thy fair and only child;

"Thou, who dost braid her silky locks,
And bind her slender waist,
Only when darkness shrouds our home,
With myst'ry's trembling haste;

"Fearing the Pasha's gloating eye,
And unrelenting hand!
Oh! send her, mother! as a bride,
To Europe's happier land."

Even the worst form of European despotism,—for his Europe was chiefly the Papal States and Austria,

—must have seemed to him safety and freedom. There could be but little hope of fusion where feelings like these (and justly too) prevailed. Yet even he, the Greek, could be playful when he pleased, could cast aside the burden of consciousness which told him that he was a slave, and forget in the versatility of the Hellenic character, the sad and hopeless position in which he was placed. He could offer serenades, like the Spánish cavalier, and delude himself for a while into a belief that he was free :—

"At Salonika's gate there sat
A youth whose lute was strung
With silver wire, and edged with gold,
And thus that lover sung,
While o'er the gilded balustrade
His list'ning mistress hung,—
And well she might, for he who woo'd
Was beauteous, brave, and young.
'Oh! could I see that veilèd face,
And hear that silent tongue!
Dost thou suppose I am a snake,
And tremble to be stung?
Or dost thou take me for a bear
To whom young girls are flung?'"

The next is a domestic poem. It does not say much for the gentleness of Arnaout husbands; nor are the consequences threatened in the last stanza very clearly deducible from what goes before :—

"Santa Maria, cover the child;
Santa Sophia, sing him asleep!
Walk him about, if the day is mild,
And give him at nature's face a peep.

"Let him see how the trees are all in bloom,
And hear how nightingales trill their lay;
Then bring him back to his father's room,
Or there'll be a row that will last all day.

"And then his mother would rue in tears,
The carelessness of a single hour,
Become the prey of wretched years,
And the fountain of love itself be sour."

But now, "*paullo majora*," here is something romantic. Here is a Greek girl proposing to follow her lover in war as a page—bringing back Lara, and many similar instances to mind. The translator has made the poem a ballad, and has reduced it to the Western standard. I should like to see the original.

"The maid, whose love was hid till then
Within her throbbing breast,
Gazed fondly on the face and form
Of that departing guest.

"With torch and cup in either hand,
She strove to cheer his parting;
But still, with every draught she fill'd,
Rebellious tears were starting.

"Love burst at length: 'Oh! bear me hence,
And let me live with thee,
Prepare thy meal, and strew thy couch,
And near, a couch for me.'

"'Where I am bound, thou must not trust
Those unprotected charms;
There none but mailèd men can go,
And brethren sworn in arms.'

"'Then give me warlike weeds like theirs,
A steed like those which bear

The dauntless youths of Frankinstan,—
Oh! grant me what they wear.

"'Unwearied I will tread thy path,
A page to bear thy sword;
But only take me hence with thee,
Thou loved though cruel lord.'"

The same remark will apply to the following. There is none of the spirit of the East in it—it is scarcely even oriental enough for an imitation.

"Could I fancy, that for me
Thou a transient thought could spare;
Or, of what I feel for thee,
E'en a thousandth part couldst share;

"When I greet thee, would'st thou deign
One kind look, to bid me live,
Or one kiss give me again,
Sweet return for those I give;

"All dissolv'd in tender joy,
High my raptured heart would beat;
Fondly at thy feet I'd sigh,
Fondly call my bondage sweet!

"Dear the change of mutual vows,
Love return'd new love shall claim;
And the spark that faintly glows,
Soon shall blaze an ardent flame."

Let this be compared with a poem of Khosru's, whose Persian melodies are translated into Turkish, and much admired in the Lesser Asia, and we shall see the difference between the Moslem bard and the Greek imitator.

"Thou, fair one, whose dark lustrous eyes,
Bright with Love's sacred mysteries,
The very gods themselves inspire,
Who shamest the praises of my lyre;
Thou hast the Peri's form and grace,—
Ah! tell me, art thou of their race?
It cannot be that common earth
Has given such rare perfection birth.

"To roam in many lands was mine,
A worshipper at Beauty's shrine;
Her wondrous power o'er all I knew—
Have tried and felt what love can do;
But never learn'd before to bow—
'Tis more than beauty charms me now.

"'Tis Khosru pleads—in mercy hear!
Khosru, whose numbers some hold dear;
A plaintive stranger at thy gate
Asks pity for his helpless state:
Let not a wretch in vain implore,
Nor spurn the stranger from thy door."

This poem will remind some readers of a passage in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Hear, too, his opinion of poetry, especially his own:

"Never yet did poet deem
Melody of little worth;
But her powers are in esteem
For the thoughts that give them birth.

"Should the lover find no words
All his fondness to express,
When he strikes the yielding chords,
Can the fair his meaning guess?

"But the poet, skill'd to say
All he feels in words of fire,
Bears the precious prize away
While the strings his songs inspire.

"Music is the casket rare,
Bridal splendour may provide;
Poetry, undeck'd but fair,
Is herself the lovely bride."

Hear, again, a moral song from an Oriental bard. There is nothing new under the sun; we have the same thought in English, in those magical verses—

"He that loves a rosy cheek."

But to go further would be unfair to the Persian—let him speak for himself:—

"Beauty makes not real worth—
Inward goodness is the gem;
If the heart ill weeds bring forth,
Vain is beauty's diadem;
'Tis like words, debased and vile,
Painted in the richest style
Which the artist's skill can trace—
But still worthless, vile, and base."

Another pretty Greek poem shall close the elegiac list, and we will then take a few epigrams:—

"My hopes are all phantasies only,
Mere dreams of a summer night;
Yet still, though so hopeless and lonely,
My love but increases in light;
As the star, that all brightly is gleaming,
'Mid the clouds of an autumn sky,
Appears the more bright to be beaming
Because there are clouds passing by.

"Thy head, O Malbroka! is sinking
With grief and with sorrow oppress'd,
For the loss of thy lover, still thinking
Of thee 'mid his visions of rest.
Yet still as the desert-bird, drooping
Its wing, its rich plumage but shows;
So thou, in thy silence thus stooping
To sorrow, fresh charms wilt disclose."

This is graceful, but it is far inferior to some western poems in the same style. See the following, which is from Majorca, and compare the two, and the Troubadour will have the pre-eminence :—

"When thou shalt ask why round thee, sighing,
My mournful friends appear;
They'll tell thee Amanieu is dying,
And thou wilt smile to hear.
They will reproach thee with my fate;
Yet why should they deplore,
Since death is better than the hate
I suffer evermore?

"Why chid'st thou that in pensive numbers
I dared my love to own?
The kiss we give to one that slumbers
Is never felt or known.
And long I strove my thoughts to hide,
Nor would my weakness show;
With secret care I should have died—
I can but perish now!

"Oh! once I smiled, in proud derision,
At love and all its pain;
The woe of others seems a vision—
Our own the truth too plain.

May'st thou yet feel the chilling void
My soul has known too long,
When this brief life, thy scorn destroy'd,
Is ended with my song!"

One more little moral song; it is but a simile:—

"What is like the life of man,
Toiling through his little span;
Child of hope, and doubt, and care,—
Rock'd by transport or despair?

"Like the hour-glass in his state,
Such the emblem of his fate;
Like its sands which ever flow,
Alternating high and low."

And we conclude with a selection of epigrams:—

"Nightly I ask each star
Say, is my lover well?
Heaven's eyes can see so far,
Ye surely ought to tell."

"Yes, lady, let the truth be told,—
Had I but used a key of gold,
I might have turn'd a lock of steel,
And int'rest would have made thee feel."

"The heart is question'd by the eyes—
O heart, what art thou brooding on?
How blind ye are, the heart replies,
Not to have seen my friend is gone."

"They say, No more regard thy foes,
Contempt affords relief.
It ne'er occurs to souls like those,
That scorn itself is grief."

"Nay, woman is not the *soft* sex:
Why, her heart is as hard as a stone!
Pray, tell me, was Eve made of flesh?
Oh, no, she was made of the bone!"

"Forgive, Lonice, form'd to please;
Forgive a lover's fond desire;
Those ripening beauties when he sees,
Can he behold and not admire?

"While each the other still improves,
The fairest face, the fairest mind,
Not, with the proverb, he that loves,
But he that loves thee not, is blind."

THE END.

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